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WHERE ARE THE BIRDS?

BY H. F. S.

O, where are the birds that came in the spring
And made all the woods with melody ring?
From the first peep of dawn till it faded from sight,
Their songs filled the air with unceasing delight.

Undaunted by storms or the spring's fickle weather,
They sang their love songs in harmony together,
As they flew here and there, ne'er caring for rest,
While making a home for the one they loved best.

First came the Robins who so cheerily sing,
"Cheer up!" "Cheer up!" "Cheer up!" "It is spring!"
Who has not felt cheered when told by their song
That spring had returned, bringing blossoms along.

On the end of a bough, 'neath a cluster of leaves,
Hung the Oriole's nest, swayed by each breeze.
The sweet notes of his song, like an echoing horn,
Came borne on the wind at the first blush of dawn.

In the shadiest nook of the woods you could hear
The sweetest of all—the song of the Thrush
So shy—your breath you willingly hush
To catch every note so sweet and so clear.

The woods are now silent, the birds have all gone,
Only mem'ry recalls sweet notes of their song;
While fast-falling leaves now clearly reveal
The homes of the birds they used to conceal.

Tho' deserted and left to the cold winter's blast,
They tell of the birds and the songs of the past;
But no signboards are up, "To Let," or "For Sale,"
So again in the spring they'll return without fail.

A LIFE REDEEMED

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

THE two, followed by the terrier, went down the path. The garden was a mass of roses and pinks, and gaily colored annuals, and Dane Armitage looked round admiringly—one would have said wistfully.

"What beautiful flowers you have!" he said.

"They grow almost wild here," said Lyra. "Griffith—that is our man—says that they flourish on the salt air and the wild winds. Look at that rose!"

She pointed to a Devoniensis clambering in snowy profusion over the porch.

"Wonderful!" he said. "May I have one?"

"Oh! not that one," she said, "it is full-blow and will fall to pieces directly; see, there is a better one," and she reached up on tiptoe and picked a partially opened bud and gave it him.

She was as free from shyness as he; but his freedom was caused by his knowledge of the world, hers by her ignorance.

He took the rose and held it for a moment, then put it into the buttonhole of his coat.

"Here is the warmest place," she said, indicating a rustic seat under a laurel hedge, which formed a perfect shelter from the winds. "Father and I sit here in March when the east wind blows, and even then it is like summer."

He sat down and stretched his legs in luxurious comfort.

"Do you mind my smoking?"

She shook her head.

"Oh, no!"

He lit his pipe, folded his arms behind his head, and watched her with blissful content as she moved amongst the flowers.

"You have chosen a very picturesque spot for your home, Miss Chester," he said, breaking the silence.

Lyra looked over her shoulder at him.

"Is it not beautiful?"

"It's a pretty county take it all round," he went on, "I've been tramping about Yarnstaple, up the Yaw Vale—you know that, of course?"

Lyra shook her head.

"No. I have never been there," she said.

"No? It is quite close too," he remarked.

"Is it?" she said. "No, I have never been there; I don't even know where it is. I have never been any farther than Yarnstaple, and seldom go there."

He took his pipe from his mouth, and looked at her with frantic surprise.

"Do you mean that you never go away from here—from home?" he asked.

She smiled faintly.

"Yes."

He looked round musingly.

"You must find it dull sometimes. I mean that it is so quiet here; there is not a house near, is there? I didn't see one as I came along."

"No, there is no house near here, excepting the farm—Greely's Farm—and that is across the river."

He pondered over this for a moment or two.

"And you don't find it dull? I beg your pardon, but you don't look dull."

Lyra laughed and remained silent for a moment, then she said—

"I never thought of it. You see, I am used to it. We came here when I was quite a little girl, and I have grown up in the place and got accustomed to seeing no one but ourselves."

"Don't you go and visit—stay with—friends sometimes?" he asked, not in a tone of idle curiosity, but respectfully enough.

Lyra shook her head.

"No; I don't think we have any friends," she replied contentedly. "I never heard father speak of any."

"Good Lord!" he murmured under his breath, and his handsome eyes softened with an expression of something like pity.

"Does that seem so strange?" she asked after a pause, as if she had understood and felt the look in his eyes.

"Well, rather," he said frankly. "Most people go about and have friends, but," he added, "perhaps you are all the happier; at any rate, you are happy, I should say, Miss Chester?"

She thought a moment.

"Yes, I am happy; I think so." Until this moment she had never asked herself the question. "You have a great many friends, I suppose?"

As she spoke she came and sat down beside him with the bunch of flowers she had gathered, and set to work arranging them, holding them a little away from her and regarding them critically, with her shapely head a little on one side.

"Yes, I suppose so," he said. Then he laughed the short, curt laugh. "Now you ask me point-blank, I feel rather doubtful. Has anyone many friends? One—two, perhaps, but not many. Anyhow, I know a lot of people; my father is fond of company, and crams the house twice a year. I was going to ask you if you knew Starminster, but from what you have said I suppose you don't."

Lyra shook her head.

"Like Yaw Vale, I never even heard of it," she said. "Is that where your father lives?" she added with an innocent interest.

He nodded.

"Yes."

"And you live with him? Is it a pretty place—as pretty as this?"

"Not nearly," he said, "but pretty enough in its way. No, I don't live with him. My father and I——" he paused a moment, then laughed, and there was a touch of bitterness in the laugh, "my father and I don't get on very well. It's my fault, of course."

"Is it?" she said, still intent upon her flowers.

He changed his position into a still more comfortable one and took two or three pulls at his pipe before answering.

"Yes, I'm afraid it is," he said slowly. "My father is a man who prides himself upon having always done his duty."

Lyra looked at him with a smile.

"And haven't you always done yours?" she asked.

He looked down, then laughed.

"I'm afraid not; that's the trouble. I'm afraid I'm what's called a kind of black sheep. I don't think I'm right down bad."

Something in the tone of the apology made Lyra laugh, and he laughed in concert.

"Self-praise is no recommendation, is it," he went on; "but this is how it is: My father says that I'm worse than wicked; I'm idle and restless at the same time. I won't do what he wants me to do, and I'm always doing what I want to do myself. Don't fancy I've put that very plainly, somehow?"

"Oh, it is plain enough," said Lyra. "And what is it you are always doing?"

He laughed.

"Well, I'm always wandering about; I don't seem able to stop in any one place for long together. I've got a touch of the complaint the 'Wandering Jew' suffered from."

She looked musingly across the garden.

"Yes, I know; I've read the story. He was never able to rest, but was continually tramping on through the Ages."

"That's my case," he said, "not that I look very much like it now," and he laughed as he leant back and smoked.

"And what is it your father wants you to do?" she asked, displaying her interest with the frankness of one to whom the conventionalities are unknown.

"Well, for one thing, he wants me to go into Parliament."

Lyra pondered over this for a moment or two.

"Why don't you go?" she asked. "Don't you like it?"

"I certainly do not," he said emphatically and abruptly. "How would you like to have to stand for a place, to have to go down—to Mudcum-sloper and curry favor with the Mudcum-sloperites, to jaw the hind leg off a donkey at political meetings, and make a fool of yourself generally?"

Lyra laughed.

"I shouldn't like that at all," she said promptly. "Would you have to do all that?"

"And worse," he said, in a tone of disgust. "A man has to eat no end of mud to get into Parliament nowadays. It was all very well in my father's time, when you just planked down a certain sum of money and got in with no further trouble. But it is a certain sum of money and got in with no further trouble. But it is all different now."

"And why does he want you to become a member of Parliament then, if—if it is so degrading?"

"You may well ask," he responded. "That's just what I have said to him. But he talks of duty—duty to my country; as if my country, or any other country, would be any the better if I spouted in Parliament. But my father won't see that. He was in the House of Commons himself till he went into the House of Lords?"

"Why did he go into the House of Lords?" asked Lyra. "Oh, yes; it is because he is a lord, I suppose?"

Most girls would have been startled, would have felt a thrill of excitement at the discovery of his rank; but Lyra's tone was as even and placid as before.

He nodded carelessly.

"Yes, he is the Earl of Starminster. I daresay you have heard of him, read of him of him in the papers." There was something very near akin to annoyance, just stopping short of contempt in his voice. "He is always on the stump."

"On the stump?" echoed Lyra.

"Yes, spouting at public meetings, and all that kind of thing," he said impatiently. "He's in the Cabinet——"

"The Cabinet?" she murmured. "Oh, yes; I know what you mean."

"Yes; and he says it's his duty to trot up and down the country and educate—that's his word, mind, not mine—educate the masses. As if the masses wanted educating. What they want is to be let alone. At any rate, if I were one of the masses, that's what I should want, and want it badly."

Lyra laughed softly.

"It all sounds so strange to me," she said.

"I daresay," he said almost angrily, as if indignation were smouldering within him. "You wonder—so do I—why a man should want to, like to, 'fuss round' so; I couldn't do it, and I won't, and to come back to the beginning, that's the trouble between us. I hate the whole business, always did hate it. I'd rather be a day laborer and live in a cottage, than be Earl of Starminster and live at Starminster, with a mob of people—political nuisances—buzzing round me and worrying. Why, the house isn't fit to live in most of the time." He refilled his pipe, and lit it impatiently, angrily. "But I beg your pardon. I've been cackling about myself and my belongings too much. You must be bored to death."

"No," said Lyra slowly, thoughtfully. "It's all new and strange to me, and interesting, Mr. Armitage." She paused and looked at him with a frank smile upon her lovely face. "But I suppose you are not 'Mr.' Armitage. What is it I ought to call you?"

He laughed curtly.

"Oh, that's good enough," he said. "Anyhow it is as good as Lord Armitage, as I am usually called."

She laughed, softly, simply, unaffectedly.

"I ought to have said 'my lord,'" she said.

He sat bolt upright with annoyance, then leant back.

"Good heavens, no!" he said. "It sounds as if you were a deputation, or something of that kind. Please call me Armitage, or Dane—if you like."

His eyes dropped as he made the last suggestion, but her own rested on him with simple endeavor.

"I don't know anything about it," she said. "I never spoke to a lord before in all my life, and probably shall not do so again."

"Oh, I hope so," he said almost fer-

vently, "I hope you won't cut me altogether, Miss Chester."

"'Cut' you?" she murmured, perplexed by the slang.

"I mean avoid me, and know me," he explained.

Lyra laughed softly.

"Oh, I see. I daresay we shall never meet again, Lord Armitage," she said placidly; "but if we should, I shall not 'cut' you; why should I?"

"Why, indeed!" he said. "I hope you won't."

The maid came out of the house.

"Will you have tea out here, miss?" she said in her broad Devonshire; "master's asleep."

"Shall we have it here?" asked Lyra. "Yes. But presently, Mary."

He knocked out his pipe.

"I am staying an unconscionable time," he said slowly, as if he dreaded his dismissal.

"Are you?" said Lyra. "It does not matter—at least to me. But you shall go now, if you like. You do not care for tea?"

"Oh! yes I do," he said.

He loathed it. They rose as if by mutual accord, and went down the path to the river bank.

"That's a beautiful valley up there," he said, looking towards it.

"Oh! you don't know how beautiful!" exclaimed Lyra, "it is a little paradise. There are ferns there which grow in no other part of Devonshire. You can get the English maiden hair, and you know how beautiful that is."

"I'm afraid I don't," he said. "What's it like?"

"Come, and I'll show you," she said brightly.

They walked side by side up the valley. The sun shone through the veil of leaves, the birds sung their midsummer song of love and gladness, the whole air was perfumed by the wild flowers. A strange sense of peace and rest fell upon this restless young man, a strange sense of happiness sprang up in the heart of the girl. They seemed to breathe an enchanted air; the flowers took to themselves a new and more glorious coloring; the sky appeared of a brighter, happier blue; the song of the birds was full of a new and sweet music. Now and again, as they walked and talked together, he glanced at the girl by his side, and her fresh, unstained loveliness wrought upon him like a spell.

In all his life—and how full of experience his life had been!—he had never met anyone like her. Never! So frank, so free, and so beautiful! Living here in this lovely solitude—the loveliest thing in it—without friends, outside the world, her purity and innocence as yet unsullied—how strangely different her life was to that of the other girls he knew! And yet she was so self-possessed—so full of quiet maidenly dignity; there was no vulgar shyness, timidity, little half-frightened glances and awkward movements such as make the uncultured and underbred so "difficult" and "impossible." She was a lady from the crown of her beautiful head to the soles of her feet.

Now Dane, Viscount Armitage, was neither a particularly good nor charitable young man; but as he sauntered up the moss-paved valley beside Lyra Chester, he was conscious of a very strong desire to change this life of hers—to show her something of the world, of its brightness and gaiety and pleasure. It seemed a sin and a crime—a waste of good material, as Ruskin says—that one so eminently fitted to shine in the world, in society, should be doomed to waste all her fair gifts—of beauty, of voice, of grace—in the solitude and silence that brooded over Yaw stream.

Lyra Chester's life was no concern of his. Indeed, there was one good reason, which will appear presently, why it should be a matter of perfect indifference to him. But Dane Armitage, walking up the enchanted valley, beside the lovely girl who seemed as if she were its natural queen, did not think of this reason.

And Lyra, she did not think at all. At her age and in her state of innocence and ignorance of the world one takes one's happiness as the young birds in the nest take their food—without asking questions as to whence it comes or why. If she had wondered why she felt so happy that afternoon she would have decided that it was because she had a companion, someone with whom she could talk, to whom she could listen; she who had never had a companion of her own age, and talked and listened so seldom.

While the terrier—Lyra had already learned to call him by his name, Rags, and he came to her call as promptly as he did to his master's—while Rags hunted rabbits, the two humans hunted English maidenhair. Lyra found a root at last, and pointed out its beauties to Dane.

"It's not a very fine one," she said; "the best and biggest always grow high up on the crannies of the rocks. Why, look! there is one," and she pointed to a root above her head, and catching at a branch swung herself up lightly, put her foot into a crevice, and reached for the fern.

Dane started in amazement and some apprehension, which was almost overborne with admiration, so full of ease and grace was her action.

"Pray take care!" he said. "If that branch were to give, or your foot slip, you would fall and break something."

She looked down at him with an assured smile.

"I am all right," she said. "I am used to clambering about. This is nothing to the rocky hills further up the valley."

"Give me the fern. Let me hold your hand," he said.

Obediently, she tried to do both, and, as might have been expected, lost her balance; her foot slipped, and she would have fallen if he had not caught her.

For a moment he held her in his arms—a moment only; but in that short space of time he was thrillingly conscious of her breath upon his cheek, the beating of her heart against his side.

She was out of his arms in an instant; and though he felt a queer pulsation in his veins that sent the blood to his face, she stood quite calm and unruffled and unconscious.

"Is it all right?" she asked.

He looked at her as if he were rather dazed—as he was, indeed.

"The fern, I mean. I tried to get as much of the roots as I could."

"Oh! yes, yes; it is all right," he said, examining the specimen with more attention than it required.

"If you keep it in water till you plant it, it will live," she said.

He plucked a large fern leaf, and wrapped the maidenhair in it carefully.

"I'll take every care of it," he said in rather a low voice—his heart was still beating unsteadily—"and I'll plant it myself when I get to Starminster."

"You must put it in a damp place, under the shadow of some trees. They drein too much sunlight."

He stowed the fern away in the inner breast pocket of his coat, and they walked on. Presently they came out of the little wood. The valley had broadened, and the stream was here clear of bushes and undergrowth. Dane uttered an exclamation of satisfaction.

"There ought to be fish here," he said.

"Fish?" Lyra laughed. "It is full of fish—trout."

"No! But of course it must be; every stream in Devonshire is. I wish I had a rod! We could fill a basket here. Don't you fish?"

She turned her eyes upon him.

"No. Do ladies fish?"

"Why, yes," he replied; "no end of them. It is a lady's sport. If I had a rod, I could teach you in half an hour or so." Like all anglers, he was enthusiastic. "Ladies, as a rule, throw a better fly than men. Their hands are lighter and their sight quicker. I taught a cousin of mine ——" He hesitated and stopped, as if he had said more than he intended; but as Lyra looked expectantly at him, he went on, but in a casual way: "and she got on very well, but she dropped it like a hot coal after the first time."

"She got tired of it?"

"No, oh, no, she was awfully fetched by it; but it suddenly struck her that it was cruel and wicked, and she spent the rest of the morning jawing—I beg your pardon—lecturing me upon its sinfulness."

Lyra gazed at him thoughtfully.

"You see, she's one of the very good girls," he explained, but in an uninterested way, as if he did not care for the subject. "Thinks it's wicked to enjoy yourself in any way. One of that kind of persons who are always asking themselves if they are not committing a mortal sin in daring to eat their breakfast or take a walk."

"I never heard of anyone like that," said Lyra meditatively.

"You're precious lucky, then!" he said rather ruefully. "They've an uncomfortable of sort people, and to be carefully avoided. Not that Theodosia's a bad sort in other ways," he added almost to himself.

"Theodosia! Isn't that a strange name?" she said.

He laughed.

"Yes; we rather go in for peculiar names in our family," he said; "but it fits her like a glove. How far does this stream run clear of bushes like this?" he asked, changing the subject abruptly."

"Oh! it winds in and out amongst the rocks for a couple of miles," she said, "but I am afraid"—did she sigh faintly?—"that we must go back. Tea will be ready, and my father may want me."

They strolled back rather silently, Lyra stopping to gather flowers now and again, Dane Armitage smoking in a thoughtful way.

When they reached the cottage they found the tea ready on the rustic table, and Mr Chester seated, waiting. He looked up, and at Dane Armitage vacantly, as if he had not seen him before—then remembered, and nodded. Lyra poured out the tea, and Dane Armitage drank to the bitter dregs of the cup which he loathed, then with a strange reluctance prepared to take his departure.

"I have to thank you and Miss Chester for a very pleasant afternoon, sir," he said.

Mr. Chester blinked at him, and murmured the conventional response—

"Very pleased to see you—any time."

But absent-minded as was the tone in which the invitation was given, Dane Armitage seemed to welcome it.

"Thank you very much," he said, quite gratefully. Then as he held Lyra's small soft hand he said in a lower voice, "Do you think you would consider fly-fishing very wicked?"

She had risen, and was walking by his side to the gate, and looked up at him with the frank smile in her eyes.

"No; I don't think so."

"Well, you can't very well tell till you try, can you?" he said. "If you'll let me, I'll bring a rod to-morrow—yes, to-morrow morning—and give you a lesson."

The smile grew brighter, and her evident, unconcealed pleasure in the proposal smote him.

"Will you? That will be very kind of you! Yes, I should like it. But won't it be giving you too much trouble? I shall be very awkward and clumsy."

No; it won't be any trouble, and I'm sure you will pick it up easily enough," he said, trying to speak casually and almost indifferently to hide his intense satisfaction—shall it be written, delight? "Good-bye then, till to-morrow."

Lyra stood at the gate looking after him; then she went slowly back to the table. Had the sun gone behind a cloud? Had a sudden wind arisen to chill the morning? Somehow, as he was lost to sight, something of the brightness and the glad warmth of the day seemed to have vanished with him.

She sat down, with her hands in her lap, a dreamy, questioning look in her eyes, and her father's voice made her start.

"Did you get that paper, Lyra?" he asked.

"The paper? Oh, yes! But what did I do with it? I must have left it in the boat. One moment, father!"

She ran down to the boat, and found it lying under the seat—it was rather wet—and ran up with it.

"There it is!" she said breathlessly; "it got wet when I helped him—I mean Lord Armitage—out of the water."

He took the paper and opened it.

"I've left my spectacles in the parlor," he said.

She rose with the promptitude of one accustomed to instant obedience, and went into the house, but could not find the spectacles.

When she came out again her father had them on, and was reading the paper. It was clutched tightly in his hands, and hid his face; but when she said "why, you have them after all!" he lowered the paper with a spasmodic kind of motion, and she saw that his thin face was deathly white.

"Oh, father! what is it? What is the matter? Are you ill?" she asked, going to him and putting her arm round him.

He put up his hand—she felt it tremble—and put her arm from him.

"No, no!" he said huskily—shakily; "it is nothing. I—I think the air has got colder; I'll go in."

"Let me help you, father!" she said anxiously, lovingly; but he put out his hand, as if to ward her off.

"No, no," he said querulously, "I am quite able to walk by myself. I tell you it is nothing; I am all right."

And he went into the house, the paper clutched in his hand.

Meanwhile, Dane Armitage tramped back to Yarnstaple.

He walked fast; he smoked furiously; there was a troubled frown upon his brow—all of which are, in men, signs of the working of a guilty conscience. Rags knew this well enough, and trotted demurely, gravely, at his master's heels, instead of scampering after rabbits and barking furiously as was his wont.

"Confound it!" muttered Dane. "It won't do!—no, it won't do! I'll go off by the night train—if there is a night train." He filled his pipe again. "How beautiful she is!—and how—how——"

If he had been a poet or a woman he would have said "sweet," but he couldn't find a word to please him.

"I wish to heaven I'd taken myself off when I got out of the boat. And I've promised to go again to-morrow! How pleased she looked when I told her I was coming! Poor girl! Leading such a life, it must have seemed something to look forward to! I can see her face now——Yes! I'll go off at once! Another day by her side, and—and I shouldn't be able to go at all."

He sighed, and strode on till he came to the station.

"Any train leave here for London to-night?" he asked.

"No, sir; last London train just gone."

Dane Armitage swore; but a look of relief, of guilty relief, came into his face. He walked into the town, and stopped in front of the hotel; but instead of going in he went along up the High-street, and entered a fishing-tackle shop.

"Got any trout-rods?" he asked.

The man remarked that he had the best, the very best assortment in all the county.

"I want a light one, a very light one, for a lady," he said.

The man showed him one, an expensive nickel-mounted affair, with all the latest improvements.

"Is this the best you've got?" demanded Dane, in a dissatisfied voice. He would not have considered one mounted with gold too good.

The man started.

"It's the very best split-cane, sir——"

"Oh, all right," said Dane, cutting him short.

He paid for the thing, and marched down the street with it and into the hotel.

As he entered his private sitting-room, with the same restless and uneasy expression in his eyes—it made them rather fierce—a gentleman half rose from the usual hotel sofa, and in soft and lisping accents greeted him with—

"How do you do, Dane?"

He was a young man, very fair, insipidly fair, with almost colorless hair and slaley-blue eyes. His hair was thin and beautifully parted, he was clean shaven, and he looked the picture of fashionable and fastidious neatness.

Was it Sydney Smith who said that he did not like a man because he was so "disgustingly neat"? If so, Sydney Smith would not have liked this young man. There was something—well, exasperatingly effeminate in the clean-shaven face, the dress, the long white hands, the voice; and something equally exasperating in the languid air of self-satisfaction and self-conceit, which clothed him as in a garment.

Dane Armitage stared at this specimen of our ultra-civilization in silence for a moment, then, by way of greeting, remarked, none too politely—

"What the devil brings you here, Chandos?"

CHAPTER V.

"WHAT the devil brings you here, Chandos?" said Dane Armitage, not very politely, considering that Chandos Armitage was his cousin.

The Honorable Mr. Chandos smiled sweetly—he was famous for his smile, among other things, which shall be mentioned presently.

"My dear Dane, what a greeting! Anyone who did not know you as well as I do, would imagine that you were not glad to see me."

"Oh, that's all right," said Dane, the brusque. "But after all, what has brought you here?"

Chandos Armitage shrugged his shoulders remonstratingly.

"This is a free country, my dear Dane, and we are all free men. I am here in the course of my wanderings."

"Wanderings!" grunted Dane, rather impatiently, under his breath.

"Yes; wanderings in search of the 'Beautiful and the True.'"

The Honorable Chandos Armitage was a poet; that is to say, he wrote feeble verses which were feeble imitations of real poets—Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne. These were very much admired by his female acquaintances and himself—especially by himself.

He not only wrote verses, but he set them to music; also a feeble copy of well-known composers or more often long-for-

gotten musicians, for Chandos Armitage was not without guile.

And he sang these "Songs of an Exile"—though why he called himself an exile no one knew—with his head thrown well back, and his eyes fixed with unutterable expression on the ceiling; and the ladies—some of them—declared his songs and him to be too, quite too sweet and lovely.

He also painted a little—feeble little sketches without life or backbone; dabs of color, generally indigo, which he called Impressions, and were intended to mean heaven knows what. He also played the guitar, in a tinkling fashion, and carved Swiss girls and chamois in wood. In fact, he was a very accomplished gentleman, and considered to be an ornament to his family, and a sweet boon to mankind in general.

It is true that not one of his accomplishments would have earned him a crust of bread if he had been starving; but this did not matter, for, fortunately for him, he possessed a small but sufficient income; just enough to allow him to gratify his numerous tastes, to live in luxurious chambers, ride in hansoms, belong to two or three first-class clubs, dress like—well, like Mr. Chandos Armitage, and travel about "in search of the Beautiful and True."

But for Dane Armitage he would have been a very great and a very rich man; for Dane, and Dane only, stood between Mr. Chandos and the earldom of Starminster. If Dane should chance to die, or fail to marry, Chandos would be the earl.

But though Chandos would have been sorry if his cousin should be removed to the land of rest, he, Chandos, was not likely to stab him in the back, or poison him; for Chandos Armitage was not that kind of villain.

Indeed he was scarcely a villain at all in the ordinary acceptation of the term. He was vain as a peacock, weak as water, and selfish as—as a man, and only a man can be. All his little verses were about love, and breathed tenderness and sentiment, full of "hearts" and "darts," "loves" and "doves," partings and despair, constancy and the domestic affections; but to put the matter bluntly, Mr. Chandos Armitage, though he warbled so tenderly, was as heartless as a doll; he was all hay and sawdust inside.

He would have sacrificed his nearest relation or his dearest friend, if by such sacrifice he could have gratified the smallest desire, the most transient caprice.

Dane had a very strong inkling of the disposition of this cousin of his, had a lively contempt for his "poems" and protestations of sentiment, and, I am afraid, he despised him and all his works.

Dane liked a man who could ride, hunt, fish, swim—a man, in short; and, in his opinion, the elegant, dainty, warbling Chandos was only a feeble imitation of a man. He irritated Dane, made him lose his temper and swear, and all the more readily and furiously because Mr. Chandos Armitage never lost his temper, and rarely, if ever, swore.

"You know I am at work at my new volume of poems," went on Chandos, lying back, his head gracefully resting on his arm, his white hand hanging down—"lolloping," Dane would have said. "They are of a rustic, rural character, this time, and I am studying from the life. I like to get all my properties correctly, to see my farmer and dairymaid in the flesh, to inhale the perfume of the hay and the orchards, hear the birds sing, and—and—"

"The pigs grunt," put in Dane, with the intention of nipping Chandos's sentimentalizing in the bud.

"Er—yes; quite so," assented Chandos, with a little sniff of disgust. "Quite so, though that is scarcely poetical, my dear Dane."

"Well, pigs do grunt, they don't sing," said Dane, putting the fishing-rod in the corner and "tidying" the room generally.

"All the voices of Nature are harmonious to the real poet," remarked Chandos sweetly.

"I daresay. But what made you come here to Yarnstaple?"

Chandos shrugged his shoulders.

"Mere whim—chance—caprice," he said, languidly. "I had heard of its beauties, its downy hills and greeny fields, its silvery streams——"

"And clotted cream," broke in Dane, laughing impatiently. "Why the deuce do you always talk in such a high-falutin style, Chandos? You're not at a tea-party surrounded by a lot of women who believe in you, and think every word you utter an—an oracle. You came here because you did, eh? All right. Now, then, to business. You'll stop to dinner? You're stopping here, at this hotel, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied Chandos, "for to-night—"

"'For one night only,' as they say in the bills," said Dane, who, somehow or other, never could resist the desire to chaff his exquisite relative.

"Yes; I want to see the sunset from the bridge across the river at the bottom of the town. I think I can write a poem on that scene. I have got the first lines."

He raised himself slightly, fixed his washed-out-blue eyes on the opposite wall, and murmured—

"I stood by the stream at midnight,
When all was dark and weird—"

"For I'd drunk too much in the morning,
And my eyes were red and bleared,"

struck in Dane. "I've heard something like that before. Why, man, it's Longfellow's 'Bridge,' slightly altered; that is to say, murdered."

A faint unwholesome red came into Chandos's face, and his eyes grew sullen and angry.

"I fear you have no soul for poetry, my poor Dane," he said.

"'Fraid I haven't" assented Dane with exasperating cheerfulness. "You see, you've got it all, Chandos; you've mopped up all there was in the family. And just now I'm too hungry for anything less substantial than food."

He rang the bell.

"Hurry up the dinner, waiter. And, look here; this gentleman, Mr. Armitage, will dine with me."

"Yes, sir," said the waiter.

Chandos raised himself again with a feeble interest.

"What have you ordered, Dane? They will be sure to give you soles; people at these sort of places always do," he remarked plaintively. "Waiter, please see that they are boiled, not fried; unless Lord Armitage has specially ordered them so."

"Oh, have 'em as you like," said Dane, indifferently.

The waiter stared, looked surprised, and became humbly respectful in a moment. Dane had not acquainted them with his rank.

"Yes, sir—yes, my lord," he said. "Certainly; boiled."

"And," murmured Chandos, "if you give us a fowl—which you are sure to to—please—please do not forget the bread sauce."

"No, sir; certainly not, sir."

Dane laughed.

"For a poet, you are mighty particular, Chandos," he remarked. "I had an idea you high-souled gentry didn't care what you ate or drank."

Chandos sighed plaintively.

"I am not strong, and I am obliged to be particular. I have not, like you, the digestion of an ox, Dane. And, by the way, you mentioned drink. Do you think they have some decent—some really decent—hock? If not, perhaps we'd better have champagne."

"I should say they don't know what hock is—wouldn't even know how to spell it," responded Dane. "I'll order some champagne."

"Ah! I think I'll go and dress," said the poet; and he rose slowly, as if to soft music.

"Dress?" said Dane, eyeing him with a smile; "why, you look as if you had come out of a band-box already. Don't trouble to put dress clothes for me."

"No? You mean it, really? Very well; but I never feel as if I could enjoy my dinner in morning attire."

"Oh, you'll enjoy your dinner well enough, unless you've changed pretty considerably since I saw you last," said Dane, laughing his curt laugh. "Look sharp; you've got a quarter of an hour."

The Hon. Chandos got up slowly, and gracefully left the room.

Dane went up to wash his hands with the feeling of impatient irritation, which Chandos never failed to arouse, strong upon him.

Dane was as hospitable as an Arab—would have shared his last crust with a beggar; better than that, have given him his last cigar; but he was not glad to see his cousin this evening.

He wanted to be alone, to think over what had happened on the river Yaw that day; to think—yes, the truth must be told—of Lyra Chester.

He paused several times in the process of washing himself, with the towel in his hand, to recall some expression of her face, some inflexion of her musical voice. He thought of her living there at the ruined mill, growing up in that solitude, with no girl, no woman, friend, and his heart ached with a yearning kind of pity, which duly intensified his admiration.

"I shall see her to-morrow," he thought, as he brushed his hair, and the thought was inexpressibly pleasant and soothing. Scarcely soothing, though; for Conscience—with a capital C—cut in and worried him with that still voice which we all spend our lives in trying to stifle.

When he went down he found his cousin awaiting him. Chandos had changed his stainless morning attire for a suit of dark clothes, which was a kind of compromise with evening dress. He looked beautiful, and he smelt of lavender water.

The waiter served the dinner. It was a good plain meal, well cooked, and—strange to relate—hot, not luke-warm.

Dane was hungry, and ate as if he enjoyed it. Chandos was hungry also, but ate as if he were discharging a duty to mankind. He sent down for fresh sauce, sighed plaintively because the cutlets were served without paper frills.

"The champagne's all right," said Dane, taking a draught with the air of a man who is not ashamed to be thirsty.

"Y-es," said Chandos. "It is not '80; but one must not be too exigent in these barbaric regions." He had drunk by far the best part of the bottle, by the way. "As I was saying at Castle Towers the other day, an Englishman only understands one liquid, and that is—beer. Unfortunately, I cannot drink beer."

"Thank goodness, I can—lots of it!" said Dane. "And so you've been to Castle Towers, Chandos? Try these cigars."

"Thanks. Yours are too strong for me. I tried one of them once——" He shuddered. "Yes, I was at Castle Towers last week."

"Yes? And how are they all? How is Theodosia?"

As he put the question, Dane winced inwardly. Conscience pricked him.

Chandos got up, and murmuring, "Do you mind?" extended himself on the sofa.

"Not a bit. Sit—lie—where you like."

"Theodosia seemed in the best of health, and as sweet as usual."

"Oh, was she sweet?" said Dane rather absently.

"Yes," murmured Chandos, with half-closed eyes, but watching his cousin, the viscount, nevertheless. "Yes. She is a rare plant, is dear Theodosia."

Dane put his feet up on a chair, and leant back and laughed.

"That sounds as if she were a kind of trick and deception," he said. "You've the oddest way of expressing yourself, Chandos."

"Yes? What I meant was that dear Theodosia is the very epitome of those chaste and divine virtues which—which are woman's rarest and sweetest charms. You are an extremely fortunate man, Dane, to be betrothed to such an altogether admirable woman."

"Thanks. Yes, I suppose I am. And what was she doing? Usual kind of thing, I suppose?"

And he suppressed a sigh that was remarkably like an impatient one.

"Theodosia is engaged in her usual good works," replied Chandos. "I found her surrounded by clergymen of various denominations. She was just starting a society for the assistance of fallen women. I was very glad—humbly glad, to be able to contribute my mite."

"Oh," said Dane, rather queerely. He was silent a moment, then he said, looking hard at his cigar—"By the way, Chandos, I had rather a strange experience the other evening."

"Y-es," drawled Mr. Chandos, sipping his champagne, with half-closed eyes.

"Yes. My man came into my room and said a woman wanted to see me."

Mr. Chandos shook his head sadly, and blew out of cigarette smoke with luxuriously easeful reproach.

"My dear Dane, I trust you did not see her. No woman with proper self-respect would visit a man at his chambers."

"Well, I did see her," said Dane slowly, and with still averted eyes. "I didn't know who she was or what she wanted, and—well, I suppose I was curious. Walford showed in a girl—a young girl."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DOUBTFUL DAINTIES.—In the dingy restaurants frequented by the lower orders of Rome, Florence and Naples, a dish composed of the harmless wood serpent's flesh is regarded as something of a dainty. Parisians of the inferior classes are also great eaters of fried snakes, but unwittingly so, for the reptiles are palmed off on them as eels. The snakes are caught in the wilder part of the Vincennes Wood and brought up to a special market near the Place de la Republique. It is probable, however, that even if the members of the poorer classes there who occasionally indulge in eels were apprised of the fraud practiced at their expense they evince no loathing nor even lack of appetite, seeing that they are ready to devour not only horseflesh, but meat of mule, donkey and dog, any day in the week.

Bric-a-Brac.

ANTS.—Several species of ants live in trees, and cut and chisel the wood in a wonderful manner, some of them gnawing the trunks into numberless stories, always more or less horizontal, with a distance of about five or six lines between the ceilings and floor.

BEES.—One species of bee more determined to secure safety and privacy fashions a neat tubular gallery of clay outside its doorway, and at the entrance to these galleries a number of the pigmy owners are always stationed, apparently acting the part of sentinels.

MUFFS.—Muffs first came into use in 1540. They were introduced by doctors, who wanted to keep their hands soft and warm while riding from the house of one patient to that of another. Women soon copied the doctors, and the latter at once abandoned the fashion and began to use great fur gloves instead.

CANOES.—The Alaska Indians, in the absence of suitable birch, make their canoes of spruce bark. A measured section of bark is first peeled from the tree after it has been ringed at both ends and scored longitudially. The ends are then doubled and sewed with roots, and a suitable gunwale and frame of willow are fitted and sewed to the bark. Two Indians can build one canoe in a day.

POST OFFICES.—The following are among a number of names of post-offices to be found in the postal guide: A. B. C., Tenn.; Accident, Md. and Ark.; Baldy, N. N.; Banque, Ind.; Big Bug, Ariz.; Big Isaac, W. Va.; Birdie, Ky.; Bull Head, N. C.; Bumble Bee, Ariz.; Bully, Ore.; Cairo, Va.; Frog, N. C.; Funny Louis, La.; Fussville, Miss.; Peculiar, Mo.; Push, Tenn.; Replete, W. Va.; Rip Shin, Tenn.; Sam, Tex.; Sublimity, Ore.; Sub Rosa, Ark.; Triangle, N. C.; Zebra, Mo., and Yum Yum, Tenn.

SLANG.—Old usages of modern slang words turn up in unexpected quarters sometimes. Most of us think that the word "jolly," in the sense of very, extremely, is of recent date; but in a serious theological work of two hundred years ago—John Trapp's Commentary on the Old and New Testment (London, 1656-7) we read: "All was jolly quiet at Ephesus before St. Paul came thither." We have heard the same phrase from a schoolboy's mouth applied to a maiden aunt's tea-party.

THE ASPEN.—A Christian legend says the aspen quivers with shame because from its wood the cross was made. Observers of nature have discovered, however, that the quivering of aspen leaves is due to the fact that the leaf stalk is flat on the sides and so thin about the middle that the slightest breath of wind sets all the leaves a-wagging horizontally. A single leaf plucked off and taken by the end of the leaf stalk between the thumb and the forefinger admirably illustrates the peculiarity of the aspen.

WHAT PAPER IS MADE OF.—There are something over 2000 patents covering the making of paper. It may be manufactured, under some one of them, from the leaves of trees; from hop plants, bean stalks, pea vines; from the trunks and stems of Indian corn and every variety of grain; from moss, clover and timothy hay, and more than 100 kinds of grasses; from straw and cocoanut fibre; from fresh water weeds and sea weeds; from sawdust, shavings and asbestos; from thistles and thistle down; from banana skins, tobacco stalks and tan bark; from hair, wool, fur, old sacking or bagging and from almost any other imaginable refuse.

THE ANT-LION.—In constructing its snare the ant-lion begins by pushing itself backwards in a circular direction so as to trace a shallow furrow varying from one to three inches in diameter. A succession of these furrows is formed one within the other until a funnel-shaped pit is at last constructed with very loose sides. The insect then encloses itself at the bottom of the trap in the sand, leaving its enormous jaws alone exposed and widely extended. Ants are distinguished for an insatiable curiosity, and should one spy the cavity when it is abroad on the outlook for food it would never hesitate to approach the edge. The treacherous sand gives way and the helpless thing goes rolling down into the jaws of the ant-lion.

SACRIFICE THE FIRST.—He had been working all the winter to get a place in the brassband as a cornet-player, and just as his hopes seemed to be on the verge of fulfilment she met him on his way home from the post-office, and, linking her hand within his arm, walked on in silence until they reached the poplar walk. There she stopped in the long shadows and said, "George, I wish you wouldn't play the cornet in the new band?" "Why not?" said he, surprised. "It is the place of honor, and I get a great deal of attention by it, dear." "Yes, I know," she said, coaxingly. "It is nice to have you noticed by every one, and all that, but——" She paused and hung her curly head a little lower. "But what?" said he sharply. "Blowing the cornet makes—makes——" Her voice sank to a pouting whisper. "Makes the lips so stiff and hard!" George has decided not to be the cornet-player in the band.

LINKS OF LIFE.

BY PENNA.

How precious are the links of life
Which bind us one by one,
Forming a lengthen'd golden chain,
In childhood's years begun.

Closely, more closely, do we draw
The chain around our hearts,
And fondly hope, unbroken still,
To keep till life departs.

But ah! in vain—it may not be;
When nearer is enwrapt
Around our hearts some precious link,
By death's rude hand 'tis snapt.

And thus, when from our shatter'd heart
Link after link is fled,
When, cheerless, hopeless, all alone,
Stern duty's path we tread—

God, o'er our dark despairing souls,
Still sheds his glorious light,
Assures us He our broken links
In Heaven will reunite.

A WIFE'S PERIL

—OR—

THE PRICE OF HER SECRET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE SISTERS OF PEACE.

THERE are so many women in the world for whom there seems to be no mission and no place, nothing to do. Many of them are fair and comely, clever, well educated, kind of thought, gentle in manner; many are beautiful, gifted and accomplished, others plain and unamiable; but for all alike there is the same want of something to do.

The number of them is great: as time passes on they acquire the title of "old maid." The problem of what was best to be done with this rapidly increasing army of women greatly puzzled his lordship the Bishop of Benton. They abounded in his diocese; the poor and the suffering abounded there also; why should not one help the other? He held very advanced views, and was looked on there shyly by very sound churchmen.

The great idea of his life was that the wealthy and the unemployed should work for and help those who were utterly unable to help themselves. At first he was content with all kinds of committees and meetings; his ideas at length developed, and he persuaded many of these ladies to live together, to live by rule; they were not to be bound by any vow or promise; they could come and go if they liked, but while in office they must fill up their time by works of mercy. The plan progressed slowly, until some old lady, who believed in and loved the bishop with all her heart, died and left him her vast fortune for the furtherance of his scheme. Then William, Bishop of Benton, was happy, and he did good work with the money.

One of the first things he did was to build a large house and hospital in London; the house soon obtained the name of "convent," the hospital soon became known as the best managed in the vast city. It was served from the convent and was under the charge of the sisters.

Then to his great delight his eldest daughter, Monica Grey, asked his permission to devote her life to the work, and he gladly gave it. Monica Grey was a woman of singular powers of mind and of singular force of character; she would never have been content with the rule of a household, with the control of husband and children, but in the management of a large hospital always filled with patients, of a large convent always full of inmates, or of an orphanage always full of children, she found scope for her activity and energy.

In course of time she became superioress, and there was no more thriving community to be found than that over which she reigned.

The bishop gave to these ladies what every one, even those who did not approve of them, thought a very beautiful name—"The Sisters of Peace;" and in very truth they brought peace and comfort to the most desolate places. Satisfied with what he had already done, the bishop found yet another employment for the ladies, and it was nursing.

They went alike to rich and poor—without charge or payment—with charity, love, and hope.

It was impossible to calculate the amount of good they did; the blessings they dispensed, the poor whom they relieved, the hungry whom they fed, the sick whom they comforted.

The Sisters of Peace were known far and wide; under the wise rule of Monica Grey they did great things. Many bishops would have been pleased to have done the same thing, but had not the courage of His Grace of Benton.

There came one day to the convent a lady who asked to see the superioress, and when Monica Grey went to her, two noble natures recognized each other.

A handsome woman, with all the woe and passion of a tragical story in her face; a woman from whose beautiful eyes a tragical soul looked out; a woman with lines of pain round her mouth, such as only the deepest anguish could have drawn.

"You want to see me?" said the superioress, gently. She knew by instinct that she had to deal with a soul darkened by some terrible sorrow.

"Yes. I want to ask you if you will take me in—if you will let me live here, and help you with your work?"

"If you wish it, and if you are eligible for the work."

"What do you mean by being eligible?" asked the beautiful stranger.

Monica Grey smiled. Few, so few, understood that.

"To be eligible to our work requires a great deal," she said; "first and foremost, one who comes to live with us must be able to trample all self under foot; to have no self, but to live entirely for others."

"I could do that; my 'self' has long been a hateful identity to me. I shall be glad to throw it off, and to become absorbed in the life of others." She looked fully into the noble face of Monica Grey. "You do not take sinners?" she said.

Monica smiled.

"Are we not all sinners?" she replied. "If you wish to ask me whether we admit among ourselves women who have in any way forfeited honor reputation, I answer, 'No, we do not.'"

"Suppose," continued the stranger, "that any one came to you branded by the world with a terrible crime, judged by the world and found guilty, yet was innocent in the sight of Heaven. Should you admit such a one?"

"I can not tell," said Monica Grey, sadly. "I have been here many years, but no such case has ever been placed before me."

"I will place one," said Lady Arden. "I have come to you to ask if I may spend the remainder of my life here. I have come to offer all I have in the same service, my body to work, my brain to think, my heart to love. I might tell you a story which would seem plausible, and you would believe it, but I will not. You have a face of a noble woman; I will trust you. Will you listen to my story? Judge me yourself. Say whether you think I am innocent or guilty. Take me or reject me you will."

Then word for word, with all its details, without sparing herself, Lady Arden told Monica Grey the whole history of her life.

It was long in telling, and the superioress of the Sisters of Peace listened intently. Even where she had been most to blame, in marrying Lord Arden, without telling him the whole truth, she made the most open acknowledgment, and that she knew was the darkest and worst incident in her whole career.

When she had finished speaking she looked eagerly into the noble face of the listening woman.

"Have you," she asked, "ever heard a story like mine?" And Monica Grey answered, simply:

"No."

Then Lady Arden said slowly:

"Will you judge me?"

"I have judged you already," replied Monica Grey.

"And you think me guilty?" said Lady Arden.

"No; with all my heart, and from the depths of my heart, I believe you innocent!" said Monica Grey.

And the next moment Lady Arden was kneeling at her feet, clasping her hands, and covering them with passionate kisses and passionate tears.

"You believe in me!" she cried, "you believe that I am innocent! You have heard all, and still you trust me?"

Monica Grey bent her noble head over the beautiful face of the weeping woman and kissed her.

"I am quite sure of your innocence, my dear," she said gently.

"And he—the man I loved with my whole heart—my husband, who loved me once—he believed me guilty?"

"Yes; but you must do him justice. You must remember that he had already read, thought over, and condemned as guilty the heroine of this case; and a man of sound judgment, of common sense, of well balanced mind, does not change his opinions readily. You make all allowance for his anger, his outraged pride, his wounded love. I should say that of the two he suffers the most. Ah, child! If you had but told him."

"I should have lost him," sobbed Lady Arden.

"You have lost him," was the grave reply; "so far as I can see your life and read its history, that concealment of your story from him is the greatest fault in it."

"Heaven bless you for those words!" cried Lady Arden. "You have given me fresh life. You believe in me, you trust me, and you will let me help you in your public work?"

"Yes," replied Monica Grey. She continued gently, "I say 'Yes' for my own part, but before deciding I must see the bishop. You are a married lady, and though you may seek and find shelter and work with us, you could never be one of the sisterhood."

"No, I understand that," replied Lady Arden. "I know."

"I feel sure," continued Monica Grey, "that the bishop will consent; the more I think of it the more sure I am. Relieving bodily wants after all is not so great an act of charity as comforting and soothing a troubled soul."

"You do not think he will object?" said Lady Arden.

"No; but I must have a few days' time to think it all over in and to see the bishop. Will you come again, Lady Arden, and I will have everything settled and arranged for you?"

Lady Arden went again; this time she was even more kindly received. The bishop had consented. Helping a troubled soul was more, he said, than helping a troubled body. So Lady Arden went to the convent and made her home there, was known as Sister Teresa, and was more beloved than any other of the Sisters of Peace.

And now, as she sits musing by the fire, its light playing over her beautiful face, a messenger comes to tell her that she is wanted in the sick-room.

CHAPTER XLIX.

A WELL-KNOWN FACE.

A SMALL, square, bright room, plainly furnished, as were all the hospital rooms, a bed with white hangings, a wash-stand, dressing-table, three or four chairs, a towel-stand that stood by the bedside, a few books, and a crucifix that hung on the wall. All this Sister Teresa's eyes took in at once glance. The patient, whose face she did not see, lay still and quiet, but when he spoke his voice seemed strange.

Two doctors were present—the one who was attached to the hospital; in the other she recognized Sir James Carlingford, the cleverest physician of modern days. They were talking together in low, earnest tones, and in some vague way, she could not tell how or why, the scene reminded her of the doctors at Colde Fell. Sir James turned to her, and looked with wonder at the beautiful face, which seemed to have nothing left of earth upon it.

"I should like to speak to you, sister, a few minutes," he said, and she led the way into a small consulting-room near. "You will have little to do," he said; "but your work will be tiresome. The patient utterly refuses to believe that he lies in any danger, the fact is that he suffers none or very little pain; his spine is broken; there is no earthly aid or help for him. There is nothing to do but to watch him, cheer him, soothe him, until he dies. Give him wine—brandy—cordial; but make him understand, as soon as you can, that he has to die! Men hear such news better from you than from us."

"I will do my best," said Sister Teresa.

"He will die quite quietly," continued Sir James; "he will die by inches, as it were, and the end will be all calm."

"How long?" asked Sister Teresa, and Sir James took out his jeweled watch.

"It is eleven now," he said. "He may last until sunrise."

Then the doctors went away, and she was left alone with the patient. She shielded from him the light of the lamp, but he laughed.

"No, sister," he said, "let me have light while I may. Some strange words are running in my head about 'eternal darkness.' I wonder what they mean."

She turned the lamp on again, and then it struck her that the voice was familiar to her in some degree; a voice she had known in the long, dead past; yet it might all be fancy.

"I can not help laughing," he said, "although it seems a terrible thing to do just after a serious accident like mine. The horse I was riding rolled over me, but fortunately it did not hurt me. It might have broken all my bones, but it did not. Yet those two men look as solemn and as grave as though I were going to die. Such nonsense! I have not even a pain—not a pain! You see no cause for fear, do you?"

"The doctors are wiser than I," she said, in a sweet, low voice, wondering why every moment his face grew more familiar to her.

"It is their business to croak, and to make people miserable," he said. "I have never even thought of death. To tell me, I who feel well, comparatively speaking—to tell me that in a few hours I shall be dead is arrant nonsense."

What could she say or do? Yet he was intrusted to her, and she must do her best.

"Would you like anything?" she asked, gently.

"Yes, I should. Give me what I have liked all my life—a foaming glass of champagne."

"I will get it for you," said Sister Teresa.

The sick man laughed as he watched the sparkling liquid foaming into the glass.

"That will do a man's very heart good," he said; and she wondered with a sigh how she was to prepare such a man's heart for death. She went up to him with that strange sense of being familiar with his voice that had disturbed her all along. For the first time she saw his face. The wonder was that she did not drop the glass and the wine! that she did not cry out in her sharp anguish of fear; that she did not fall on her face in her first thrill of despair. A thick cluster of dark hair lay on the white pillow—a dark, handsome face, every line of which was familiar to her—the dark eyes, the straight brows, the handsome mouth with its dark mustache—the face of Captain Archie Douglas, which she had seen last in the court of Ardrossan! She stood quite still for a few moments after her discovery, sick and faint of heart, pale and trembling.

"Now, sister," cried the sick man, "give me the wine. I can not stir. Well, you must raise me. I am stiff with the fall."

She raised his head and held the glass to his lips. As she did so, her fear and terror, her despair and horror were so great that she almost died. All the details of that scene came over her; she saw the bedroom of Colde Fell, the dying face of her husband, the suspicious looks of his friends; she heard again that terrible accusation—. "You did it! I am dying like a rat poisoned in a hole, and you did it."

Then she came to herself with a sudden shock, finding that the dark eyes were fixed full upon her, but there was no recognition in them. How should he, who believed Hester Blair drowned and dead, how should he recognize her in the dark-veiled sister whose face was half-hidden by the same veil?

"You are trembling, I believe," he said. "Surely those doctors have not frightened you?"

"No, not for my own sake," she replied.

"Surely not for me," he answered. "I am not afraid."

"They have left me such a difficult task," she said, gently.

"They always leave the hardest part to other people," said the sick man, grimly. "What is your task?"

"To give their message to you," she replied. "But perhaps I need not fear; brave men do not fear death—you may be brave!"

"I have never known fear about the things of this world," he said. "I am as brave, I think, as any other man."

"Yet death comes to all—and you are afraid of death."

"I am not quite sure that I am. I have never thought of it—I have never realised it. If I thought I had to die, there is——" He paused abruptly.

"If you thought you had to die there are many things you would attend to?" she said, gently.

"Yes, many things," he replied.

"Then," said Sister Teresa, "the wisest and best plan is to attend to them now."

"I will when I feel better," he said; "I am tired just now, and feel as though I could sleep."

He lay quite still for some minutes and closed his eyes, but she knew he would sleep no more until this great lethargy changed—no more.

She sat in silence and watched him; there could be no doubt but that it was handsome Archie Douglas who lay there, but so

cruelly changed, so altered, that it was with difficulty she recognized him; Captain Archie all the same, although gray threads were in the dark hair, and great lines were drawn over the haggard face. Captain Archie, her husband's friend; the man who had spent so many hours at Colde Fell.

The silence deepened. He still lay with closed eyes—not sleep. They had told her he would never sleep again. Suddenly there was a clear, loud cry through the room. Only one word, but it seemed to pierce her through the heart. It was "Hester!"

She believed that he had recognized her, and went nearer to him, but there was no recognition in his eyes.

"Do you want me?" she asked, bending over him.

"I was dreaming," he said, "dreaming of some one I knew years ago, who is dead now."

"Are you in trouble?" she asked, that sweet voice of hers found its way to his heart.

"I should be," he sighed, "if I thought I had to die."

Then in words so sweet, so holy, they might have fallen from the lips of a ministering angel, she told him that he had to die! At first he was incredulous; he would not listen or believe, but after a time her quiet, earnest perseverance shook his faith.

He lay silent again, thinking deeply. Suddenly he pointed to the great crucifix that hung on the wall.

"Do you believe there is anything in that?" he asked, which was very opening she wanted. She could answer that question. She knew what was to be gained by it.

She talked to him, forgetting everything else in her desire to fill his mind with good and holy thoughts.

"And I am really going to die!" he said—"to die!" And she saw that a great fear was coming over him.

"Sister," he said, "my lips hold a secret, and I must tell it before I die. I should not rest in my grave if I did not. Is there a clergyman here? If so, bring him to me."

She left him alone while she went in search of the Reverend Mr. Eustace.

CHAPTER L.

DO THE DEAD COME BACK?

A FEW minutes later a strange scene was enacted in the sick-room. The Reverend Mr. Eustace had been hurriedly summoned thither, and looked astounded at the bright, eager eyes of the sick man.

"I thought," he whispered to Sister Teresa, "that you said he was a dying man?"

"So he is," she replied; "he will not live much beyond sunrise."

"He does not look like it," said Mr. Eustace; but when he sat down by the sick man's bedside and looked more earnestly into his face, he saw. "You wish to see me?" he said, gently.

"Yes," replied Archie Douglas: "I want you to bear witness to a story I have to tell, and then to help me die."

A brief statement which somewhat disconcerted the good rector. It was not an easy thing to help a man die.

"I do not know much about death," he continued; "I have only seen one man die, and he," he added, with a shudder, "was murdered."

"Death is falling asleep here to wake in heaven," said Sister Teresa, and Mr. Eustace sighed sadly.

If there was something on this man's mind, he would require many prayers and much help before he woke in heaven.

"I know little of death," continued Archie Douglas; "but I have heard that those who die with a secret untold never rest in their graves. Now, my only idea of death is rest—a long, dreaming rest, deeper than any sleep, and I do not know what comes after it. I have never tried to think." The minister who served God, and the sister who had given her life to Him, looked at each other with a sigh. Alas! that he should have thought so much of the life so soon ended, and so little of the life that was never to end. "I should not like my rest disturbed," he said. "I should not like to come wandering back to this world, haunting the places, perhaps, where I have sinned."

"Those are feverish, restless thoughts," said Mr. Eustace. "The dead do not come back!"

"I am not so sure," said the dying man, slowly. "I am not superstitious, but I have seen one who has been dead many years, one who died believing and saying something that was false, and he wants it put right: I know he does."

"If it be anything that you can set straight," said the Reverend Eustace, "I should advise you to do it."

"You think, then, that I am going to die?" said Archie Douglas.

"I know it," said the rector, kindly, and the sick man lay silent for some minutes.

"It is not quite fair," he said to himself; "after all I have had but a very short life, and I have not enjoyed it; I have been miserable enough since then. I have a secret," he said, in a loud, clear voice, "a sin of my own—a sin that was charged upon another who was innocent. If I die without telling it, I shall be sent back, as he has been."

"No," said Mr. Eustace; "tell your secret, because it will clear an injured and innocent person, and because it is the right thing to do. Not from fear of being sent back again; that is not true. It is always best to act from highest motives. Yours should be to do that which is right and so clear the innocent."

"It is too late for that," he replied; "they are all dead. He who accused her is dead; she who suffered the martyrdom is dead. Yet if I too die with my secret untold, there will be no rest for me even in the grave. I must clear her memory since she herself no longer lives."

As he went on talking, Sister Teresa came nearer to him. Her face had grown white; there was an eager fire in her eyes; her hands trembled, and her tall figure seemed to sway to and fro. She seemed transfixed, fascinated, charmed, but in a wild and terrible fashion. This was Captain Archie Douglas lying there, and he was speaking of some one who had been falsely accused, but who was dead.

A terrible feeling of suspense came over her. It might be all fancy; it might be that nervous fancies crowded thickly over her; but of whom he was speaking? She had been falsely accused, and she was supposed to be dead. Why did her heart beat so quickly. She went over to the rector, and whispered to him:

"I should like to send for the superioress. I am anxious and, I am ashamed to say, nervous. I should not like to fail. I will send for her at once."

"If you think it needful," he replied; "but it is late, and she will be asleep."

"She will wake up readily, as you did," replied Sister Teresa.

He did not understand her emotion, but he saw that she was unlike her usual calm self.

It was not long before Monica Grey herself stood by the sick man's side. His face had changed then, and a wistful look had crept into his eyes, a gray shadow had crept round his lips, and she who had stood by so many death-beds, knew what that meant.

He asked who she was, and they told him. The white face brightened perceptibly.

"That is right," he said. "I want to make a deposition, and I want it to be witnessed by those in authority. Will you listen to my story? The secret, if buried with me, would keep me without rest in my grave."

Then they drew nearer to him, the rector on one side, Monica Grey on the other. Why did Sister Teresa withdraw and stand looking at him with a white, scared face and beating heart? Why were her hands clasped and her eyes filled with anxious, pitying woe?

"I wonder," said Archie Douglas, "if it be worth while to tell my story. It matters so little, for she is dead whom it would have cleared. Poor Hester!"

There was dead silence; only the tall, graceful figure in the heavy draperies shivered at the sound of the name as though an icy wind had blown over her. It meant nothing to either of the others.

"I want you," he said to the clergyman, "to write down all I say; make what use of it you will after my death; it can not clear her, it can only clear her memory."

He looked anxiously at the clergyman.

"What do you think?" he asked. "You see, I want to tell, and I don't want. Am I bound to clear a memory? I can tell you what I did. I committed a grievous crime, and I allowed another person to suffer for it."

"Then you are bound, in honor and conscience, to confess it, for it was a terrible wrong!" said Mr. Eustace.

"Time was when I dared not tell it, for I should have gone to the scaffold for it, but now— You are sure that I shall die?"

And three voices answered—"Sure!"

"That sounds like a death-knell," said the dying man.

After a time he began speaking, slowly:

"I need not inflict the story of my childhood or youth upon you," he said. "I was the only son of my mother, and she was a widow; and I believe the whole secret of my life lay in these words—'She spoiled me.' I can not remember that, either as boy or man, she ever refused one wish, or left ungratified one desire of mine. If she had but taught me self-restraint, or self-control, but she never did! I do not blame her, but she never did.

"She did not die until I was of age. I chose the military profession. She quite approved, and was proud that I had done so. I was captain in the Royal Gordons, and went with my regiment to India, where we earned a name for ourselves. Perhaps you will remember what the papers told of the Royal Gordons. I need not say any more of this part of my life. My mother died while I was in India, and I succeeded to a large fortune. Soon afterward, in a battle with the wandering hill tribes, I received a wound which disabled me. I sold out of the army and returned home.

"No need to tell you," he continued, "that I am a Scotchman—a Douglas or Moray. I went to live on my own lands; they are in one of the bonniest parts of Scotland, near a beautiful and celebrated town called Ardrossan.

"I believe you are right," he said, suddenly, "I feel something strange. My voice is going. My strength is failing! Oh! how I wish—I wish— Let me tell you quickly! I had never thought or cared about women; I had never been in love; I had never thought of looking for a wife until I went to a ball—a Christmas ball—given at Ardrossan, and there I met my fate. It is useless talking to you, who know nothing and care nothing for such things, but I wish, even dying as I am, that I could describe Hester Blair."

He stopped suddenly, for there sounded through the room something like a shuddering, long-drawn sigh, a wail of unutterable anguish, and Monica Grey turned with a look of wonder to the tall, shivering figure at the post of the bed.

"I wish I could tell you what she was like, the noble, beautiful child with all a woman's grace, with a kindly smile and the sweetest eyes. No picture you ever saw was one half so fair. I loved her the moment I saw her, and I loved her so until she died. But, ah! mine was a cruel love! it rent and tore and slew her. A cruel, monstrous love, for it sought only itself. I can see the difference now between a noble love and a love like mine. I found that the beautiful child-woman whom I loved at first sight was the wife of an old friend of mine. Augus Graham Blair of Colde Fell. I had heard of his marriage some time since, but had never met her. We were introduced to each other, and I found her, proud, and cold, but always as lovely as summer's dream. She was always cold and proud to me, and I dreamed always of the day when she would be otherwise, but that day never came. She never, from first to last, gave me a look, a smile, a word that she would not have given to another, yet how I loved her! Oh, Hester Blair! Hester Blair!" and the voice of the dying man died away in sobs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MONK VS. THIEF.—At a monastery in Southern France visitors are proudly told the story of the exploit of a monk who was once one of the inmates of the convent. The monks belong to a mendicant order, and send one of their members periodically on begging excursions. The hero of the story—it happened many years ago—had been out on one of these expeditions, and was coming back to the monastery, his purse well-filled when he was attacked in a corner of the wood by a highwayman, who pointed a pistol at his head. The monk submitted instantly, crying for mercy and tossing his purse to the thief, who put it in his coat.

"Ah," gasped the monk, "take it, take it! But what a wigging the prior will give me if he thinks I made no resistance! If you are a highwayman of the fine old school, you will do me a favor."

"Certainly," said the thief—he was anxious to deserve the compliment—"anything you wish. What is it?"

"I want to prove to the prior that I defended myself heroically against your attack. Won't you please shoot a few holes through that cloak?"

He pulled off his cloak and threw it down. The thief courteously pointed his pistol at it and pulled the trigger. There was no report.

"What's the matter?" asked the monk.

"I must own to you," said the highwayman, "that I possess no such commodity as gunpowder."

"Well, you're a queer highwayman. Then please slash the cloak a little with your dirk." "I am also destitute of a knife," said the thief. "I have no weapon of any kind. I attack none but cowards and fools."

"You do, eh?" exclaimed the monk. "Then I guess I'm as good as you! Come on!" He fell upon the thief, and smote him hip and thigh. When he had made quite sure that he had beaten the wretch into unconsciousness, he repossessed himself of the purse, and went on his way to the monastery.

DYNAMITE.

Recent events at home and abroad have called attention to the famous explosive invented by Alfred Nobel, the renowned Swedish chemist; and the present moment is not an inopportune one to lay before our readers some succinct account of Dynamite, which has aided so largely in developing the mineral resources and mining industries of every portion of the globe.

Nitro-glycerine, which is the explosive compound entering into the manufacture of dynamite, was discovered in 1846 by Ascanio Sobrero, Professor of Chemistry at Turin; but its use for many years was entirely confined to medical purposes, in which a very dilute alcoholic solution was prescribed under the name of Glonoine. Nitro glycerine is manufactured by injecting glycerine under pressure into a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids; a pale brown color, being thereby produced which has a sweet, pungent taste, and causes intense headache in those who handle it for the first time; an effect, however, which passes off in a day or two, and never returns to those continuously engaged in the industry.

Prior to the invention of dynamite, nitro-glycerine, which was conveyed in tin cases weighing about forty pounds each, was very extensively employed as a blasting agent; but numerous fearful accidents by this explosive in transport had such an effect on the public mind, that in 1869 the Nitro-glycerine Act was hurriedly passed by Parliment, which finally excluded nitro-glycerine from the English market.

In connection with the dangerous nature of nitro glycerine, it is not a little curious to note that a well-authenticated case is on record of a plumber at Rotterdam, who, unconscious of the fearful risk he was running, actually soldered a leaking tin full of nitro-glycerine, and successfully accomplished his task without being blown to atoms.

After much investigation to discover a substance which would absorb nitro-glycerine, and thereby so modify its physical condition as to render it safe in use, and after experimenting with charcoal sawdust, brick-dust, paper, rags, and numerous other materials, Alfred Nobel finally selected "Kieselguhr," or earth-meal, as the most suitable material: and up to the present time no more serviceable absorbent has been discovered. Kieselguhr is the mineral remains of a kind of moss which grows in stagnant waters. The stem consists mainly of silica; and when the organic substance of the plant decays, the siliceous part remains, and retains the shape it had as a plant—a kind of tube. Kieselguhr generally contains a little iron, which accounts for the more or less reddish tinge noticeable in dynamite; and is found in many countries, principally Scotland, Germany, and Norway; also in the Luneburg moors in Hanover, in the Siegen district, and in Italy.

In the first-named country, the beds of kieselguhr which form the bottoms of peat mosses are chiefly in Aberdeenshire, the Skye deposits not being sufficiently absorbent to be of value for dynamite.

The raw kieselguhr is calcined in a special form of kiln, to drive off water and organic matter; and is subsequently ground and sifted to remove all sand, after which it is incorporated with nitro-glycerine in the proportion of one part of kieselguhr to three parts of nitro-glycerine, the resulting product being dynamite, a reddish-brown, moist, plastic earth, having a specific gravity ranging between 1.60 and 1.65.

It is not generally known that dynamite will burn without explosion if set fire to by a match or fuse. Combustion is rapid, and is accompanied by a yellowish flame at about forty degrees Fahrenheit, and is then much less sensitive to a blow or the impact of a projectile.

So rapid, however, is the march of science, especially in the production of explosives, that dynamite, which is itself quite a modern blasting agent—having been invented by Alfred Nobel some twenty-seven years ago—is being closely pressed by the new gelatinous explosives, also the product of the same master-mind. The latest inventions consist chiefly of mixtures in various proportions of nitro-glycerine and nitro-cotton, the latter being practically dissolved in the former. Both blasting gelatine and gelatine-dynamite possess the power of resisting the action of water, in conjunction with the maximum of explosive power in the minimum of bulk.

Even should the more modern inventions of Alfred Nobel eventually displace in some degree the employment of dynamite, it can never be forgotten that to this explosive is due in no small degree the prosperity enjoyed in mining and engineering circles throughout the civilized world during the past quarter of a century, by furnishing a blasting agent at once powerful, effective, and free from undue risk in transport or employment.

HICKS: "I am never able to find anything in this house." Mrs. Hicks: "Oh, yes, you are. You find fault about all the time."

"IF ALL THE WORLD."

BY P. L. S.

If all the world were sunny,
The meadows made o' money,
Now, wouldn't it be funny?
That it would!
If every blossom blowing,
In its breast had diamonds glowing,
Would we pay the bills we're owing?
That we would!

But perhaps for all the sorrow
That we make, or that we borrow
On the note that's due to-morrow,
It is best
To just keep on complaining,
With a little sun and raining—
In the same old world remaining,
With the joy and with the paining,
And a Heaven that's worth the gaining,
Sweet with rest!

The Sultan's Egg.

BY J. A. B.

PEOPLE thought it very strange that Roland Haynes should go to sea again, it seemed such an absurd thing for the owner of one of the finest farms in the county of Salop so to do. But when his wife died, Roland became restless, and his life grew a burden to him. He felt stifled and oppressed, and the sight even of the laurels and laurustinus bushes around the house became hateful. He strove against the feeling with all his might; but do what he would, his thoughts and desires wandered away back to the old days of tall ships, and stormy winds, and wild waters, and all the majesty and beauty of the great ocean on which his life had been passed. He heard calling to him "the moanings of the homeless sea," and went to it.

"Jim," he said to his reformed scapegrace of a brother, "I'm off to sea again. I can't stand this place, now Alice has gone. Do your best to look after it. I know I can trust you as myself to take good care of Nora. I'll be back again in the twelvemonth."

So Roland left the diamond-latticed, black-joisted, rambling old Clayhorns, as the place was called, where generations upon generations of stalwart yeomen had lived and died, satisfied with their lot, and innocent of the wandergeist, and went off to see if salt water could allay his pertubed spirit. In most households, but perhaps not for very many years, a wanderer will make his appearance. Roland had been the first of his race, and the simple inlanders deemed him as in some sort possessed.

One morning, rising a boy, he had left the old Clayhorns, and the little village of Hampton-Kirby, nestling amongst its chestnuts and elms, only to reappear a bearded man, grave and bronzed, bringing with him a sweet young girl-wife. He had thrown himself headlong into life's battle, emerging chastened and successful. Therefore, he was received back into his inheritance with open arms, and all people, except his brother James, rejoiced.

So the wanderer settled down, as he thought, to pass the remainder of his days quietly on the broad pasture-lands of Clayhorns. But they were all dead now, all except James and little Nora, his one child, who was just twelve when her father left. And every time he returned she was a year older. He sailed his own ship, and could afford to choose his freights and measure his absences.

A year to a day, almost, and Nora, at school in Shrewsbury town, would be driven to the station, sure of seeing there the bold, handsome face she loved so well and missed so bitterly, and of being folded to the broad breast of the wanderer before all the sympathizing crowd, who would remark one to the other:

"It be Capt'in Roly a-comed whoam from sea to 'is little gel."

Then came the run home for a brief two or three months' holiday, a time in which Captain Roly and his daughter were all in all to each other and inseparable. These were the epochs that in those days she measured her life by.

When Nora was sixteen, her father, departing as usual, said:

"I'm getting tired, my darling. This shall be my last voyage. I'll come home and stay there, see my pet married—not to a sailor, though, I hope—and, in God's good time, have my bones laid alongside those others in the old churchyard over yonder."

So he sailed away on his last voyage, as he promised it should be. But he never came home any more; and neither of Captain Roly nor of his good ship, the Wrekin, could any tidings be heard. Money was not spared in the endeavor; but the only scrap of news gained was that the Wrekin had been spoken in such and such a latitude and longitude on her passage to China, "All well."

A year went by—a year of mourning and broken-hearted wretchedness for poor Nora, and then James Haynes—pretty certain, this time, that his brother was not above-ground—came out in quite a different character. He who had always been so quiet and unassuming, as befitted a man who has had his chances in the world, and tried, and failed miserably again and again, suddenly grew big and blustered, boasting of what had been, and what yet should be.

Briefly, there was no will discovered; and presently, scoundrel James laid claim to the whole estate, on the ground of Nora's illegitimacy. Proceedings were at once taken by both sides, for Squire Melton and the Vicar, and a few other of Captain Roly's old friends at Hampton-Kirby, were quick to espouse the orphan's cause and compass the downfall of the usurper. No marriage certificate could be found at the Clayhorns. All we knew vaguely, and as dropped by themselves, was that Nora's parents had been married in Ireland; therefore, in that country a search was carried on.

Meanwhile, Nora left Clayhorns and came to live with us in the adjoining hamlet of Wrockwardine. My mother was a far-off cousin of Captain Roly's, as everybody around called him; and I had sailed two voyages in the Wrekin myself, and but for an accident, should have gone the last as chief-officer of her.

It may perhaps be imagined, then, how we petted and condoled with pretty Nora when she came to us for refuge from the harsh unkindness of her uncle, and one of the farmwomen he had installed as housekeeper at Clayhorns. From both her parents James had received nothing but benefits; yet he never seemed tire of taunting the girl about the mystery surrounding their union, a diversion in which his creatures joined con amore. So, as I have said, Nora came to us in our little cottage at Wrockwardine.

Many a time she would exclaim:

"I know there was a will! My father told me so. He even told me where he kept it—in the 'Sultan's Egg,' which no one but himself could open. But the egg has gone. He must have taken it to sea with him. But oh," she would say, "never mind the will! Let everything go, if we can but find the other paper. Where were they married?" And the poor child would cry as if her heart was breaking.

But look as they might, search where they would, they seemed never able to discover where Captain Roly had found the beautiful, dark-haired, blue-eyed girl that he had brought home with him after those long years of absence, what time the May flowers and violet were blowing at Clayhorns, and all the land was quick with spring.

Never a very communicative man, he appeared to have confided the story of his wooing to nobody. His wife had equally reticent, whether of design, or of pure unconcern at what people might say or think, was difficult now to guess. The only thing that came to light during these investigations was actual proof of a will having been in existence, thus confirming Nora's story.

Agents unearthed a firm of lawyers in Chancery Lane who remembered drawing up such an instrument for Roland Haynes just about the time he returned to the old life. But they positively refused to commit themselves to any statement as to its contents. They could or would remember nothing. Captain Haynes had applied to them as a stranger, not a client. They had obliged him; and he had gone his way, taking the duly witnessed document with him.

Nora had seen him place it in the Sultan's Egg—a curious piece of Eastern workmanship, of which more anon. Probably, so the gossips said, the captain had put his marriage lines there also—always supposing them to have had existence—and James had made away with the lot.

Meanwhile, I, having my living to get, went off to sea, leaving Nora, then a tall slip of a girl, all legs and wings, so to speak, at home with my mother and a spinster aunt, both doing their best to spoil her. On my return, eighteen months later, I found the case "Haynes vs. Haynes" still unsettled, and Nora, by some magic process, transformed into a very beautiful and stately young woman, whom I was actually afraid to offer to kiss until she took the initiative.

Injunctions and all sorts of other things had been served upon James Haynes, who, however, still held possession, and, to all appearance, was master at Clayhorns. The lawyers, so far as I could understand, had taken the case from court to court, had dropped it in a certain one, and now wanted more money to begin over afresh with. Nora's friends had already spent a large sum in defending her rights without any prospect of repayment, and they were beginning to get dubious. Also, there was some talk of James' marrying his housekeeper, the ex-farm laborer before spoken of.

So the years went by quietly and uneventfully enough at our little cottage. Nora seemed fairly happy, and was the joy and delight of the two old people. I had succeeded well in my profession, and was now master and part of a smart bark sailing out of Bristol.

Squire Melton was dead, and the Vicar had left the district. "Haynes vs. Haynes" had stopped for good, apparently, in whichever of those courts the lawyers had left it last when funds fell short. James still held the property, was married, and had a son. It seemed a poor lookout indeed for Nora's ever returning to Clayhorns as its mistress.

People, generally, when they thought of the affair at all, accepted the state of things as settled. And willing enough though many undoubtedly were to help to remove the slur cast on her parents' memory, no one in that community was rich enough to start the case again.

That Nora at times still felt it acutely, we at Elm cottage knew only too well. Her faith in and love for her lost father were strong as ever. At each return her questioning eyes would meet mine, but always in vain. Beyond that last brief message from sea, I could hear nothing of the fate of the vessel whose rigged namesake we could see from our windows.

At last my mother died. The old home was broken up; and in pursuance of a scheme long looked forward to and prepared for, I asked Nora to be my wife. We had, in the good old-fashioned sense of the word, been courting ever since I came back from that West Indian voyage to find her shot up and moulded into the prettiest girl for fifty miles around the Wrekin.

So, without any backing and filling, she just said "Yes;" and a week afterwards I took her on board the Daphne and sailed for Hong-kong, via Singapore, as a honeymoon trip. Having now got things a little clear and shipshape, I am going to tell you by what curious chance of fate of Captain Roly and his good ship, and the fair fame of his wife and daughter, were, after all these years, made manifest.

We had passed Anjer, and were lying becalmed in the island-dotted Strait of Banca, when, one morning the cook suddenly discovered that he was out of coal. Ordering the boat to be lowered, I told the second-mate to take three hands and pull to the nearest island for a load of wood, either drift or from the bush. On their return, and whilst they were handing up their cargo just abreast of the galley, Nora, walking forward and looking curiously at the assortment of planks, trunks of trees, and such-like rubbish that they had collected, suddenly cried out to me, standing at the break of the poop:

"Oh Harry, Harry, my father's ship!"

Thinking the sun had been too much for her, I ran to where she was pulling away at a bit of plank which stuck up from the heap. It was one of the head-boards of a ship that her eye had happened to light on, and on which, in large black letters, was printed "Wrekin, Lon." The rest was broken off. But that it was a portion of Captain Roly's old ship there could be no doubt whatever.

In the first place, the name was a peculiar one; then it was not, in those days, very often that a vessel carried her name on her head-boards; the beading had once also been gilded, as was that of the lost ship's. No one amongst the boat's crew seemed as to the precise spot it had been picked up in. But presently a boy who had accompanied them remembered pulling it out of the sand on little beach where they landed. He had noticed the lettering, which indeed looked remarkably fresh, but had thought no more than that the plank would make "fine kindling chips for the doctor."

We then set to and overhauled every splinter of the stuff; but, with the exception of a bit of spar and a fragment of a grating, there was no sign of any more ship's furniture. However, I was quickly in the boat, and, with Nora, who wished to come, heading for the island. I eyed it curiously as we approached. It was only a rock, hardly more than a quarter of a mile round, but fully a hundred feet high, and covered everywhere, except at the little white beach, with tropical vegetation. Stepping ashore, we examined every nook and cranny, but without making any further discovery.

For my own part, I did not think that the Wrekin could have been wrecked either here or in the vicinity without some one hearing of it. Besides, these narrow seas were, as a rule, too well charted for skippers to run against any unknown danger.

As I pointed out to Nora, who was unreasoningly certain that we stood near the very spot, if not actually on it, the board might have floated hundreds of miles from either the Indian Ocean or the China Sea, to its last resting-place on this little islet. Also, most vessels passing Anjer were noted, and their destination ascertained. Inquiries, I recollected, had been specially made of the Dutch authorities, and they replied that nothing had been seen or heard of the Wrekin.

But Nora was not to be convinced. "My poor father's bones are lying with his ship somewhere near this rock, Harry," she said, wiping away the tear. "Providence led me to see that piece of wood. It was no chance. Surely we can find out by some means. And, oh Harry," she whispered, "perhaps the secret of his marriage and the will."

"Even so, Nora," I replied. "The papers were pulp long ago, and digested in fishes' bellies. Nothing of that sort could stand such a soaking."

"All the salt water in the ocean would never destroy the contents of the Sultan's Egg, Harry," she said. "'Air-tight, damp-tight, and dust-tight,' I once heard father say, when he was showing it to the Squire."

"But how on earth are we to find out, Nora?" I asked, perhaps a little vexed at her insistence, and knowing, as I did full well, that Captain Roly would never run his ship slap into a place like this.

"If it isn't too deep," she said, "couldn't some one dive? Or stay; we might drag with hooks, as I once saw people doing in the Severn."

"And then?" I asked.

"Well, then, if we find that the ship really is there, go to Singapore and hire a professional diver, and let him go down."

I confess this rather staggered me. Nora appeared to have the affair quite taken for granted, besides developing suddenly a fund of resource I had never given her credit for. All the business I had in Singapore would only take a couple of days at the most to transact, and here was my lady playing Old Harry with the voyage.

"Well, well, dear, we'll see," I answered. "Meanwhile, I fancy there's a breeze coming off the Sumatra coast. Pull back sharp, Mr. Brown, and get the deep-sea lead. We may as well find out what water we've got here."

Twenty-five fathoms—twenty—eighteen—sandy bottom. Then, as we pulled round to the Banca side, it deepened again to twenty-five; and, before another cast could be taken, the boat's keel scraped over a reef running out, as we saw, for a considerable distance.

"By jingo!" exclaimed the second-mate as he picked himself up—for he had been standing with the lead in his hand, and the shock had capsized him—"there's a pretty customer for a ship on a dark night and everything set. Is it charted, sir?"

"Sure to be," I answered shortly, seeing Nora's eyes fixed on my face. "I don't remember it, though. Let's get on board. Here's the breeze at last."

Hastily taking its bearings, I ran down into the saloon to find the islet on the chart. Sure enough, there was the black dot—Pulo something or other—and soundings given as "deep water" all around it. Not a vestige of a reef for miles. Looking at the date of the chart, which was an Admiralty one, I saw that it was not yet twelve months old.

"Can it be possible," I thought, "that Nora is right after all? No reason why, because the Daphne's on the safe side, with twenty fathoms under her, that the Wrekin shouldn't have been on the wrong one, with a stiff breeze, a dark night, all plain sail, and a poor lookout for white water. Besides, perhaps, then, it wasn't to within some feet of its present height. A ship hitting it would go down like a stone, with everything standing."

Communing thus with myself, and staring at the chart in no very satisfied frame of mind, in comes Nora, and putting her arms round my neck and kissing me, asks, "Well, Harry?"

"I'll do it, dear," I made answer. "We'll leave the Daphne in Singapore, and hire a diver, if there's one to be had, and come back and see what we can find. The firm will be vexed at the delay, I expect; but I fancy my share in the old hooker's enough to carry me through."

"I shall sleep easier to night, Harry," she replied, "than I thought I should."

Not much relishing such discoveries in a main ocean thoroughfare, until our arrival at Singapore I kept a man with his eyes skinned on the foreyard in the daytime, and the lead going pretty constantly both night and day right along.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For Pastime.

BY F. B.

COME, Nora, be reasonable. I have already exceeded my holiday by weeks, and you must have known this—ah—kind of thing must come to an end. I have been very happy, and am not likely to forget my trip to Ireland, or my little Irish friend—for we have been very good friends; and you?—you will not forget me altogether I hope?"

He offered to take her hands. She let him do so, and he looked into her wide gray eyes, with a melancholy that was not assumed—oh, dear no! for though one may feel it wise to throw aside a pretty plaything, it is possible to have regrets.

How calm she was, and how unnecessary had been his fear of a scene. Reasonable? yes, she seemed reasonable enough now although her color had changed so at first.

Godfrey Graeme was not so well pleased after all. A man hates a scene, true; but on the other hand he is not gratified by too great a calm, when his mighty, fascinating self is to be withdrawn! 'Tis hurtful to his pride, and therefore not to be endured. Nora must show some pain.

"Ah, child, you do not feel as I do. I have delayed the wrench, but now that it must happen, I find the pain is all for me." Tender reproach in his tone.

"I was wondering," she quietly said, "why you ever began, this—ah—kind of thing?" and the words that he had used, so carefully repeated, savored of insolence in his ears.

A wild little Irish girl, whom Godfrey had honored by his notice, to dare to mock him! His face flamed.

"Pour passer le temps, my dear;" and then the gentlemanly feeling in the man rose in hot revolt at such coarse brutality, and he would have given much to recall the speech.

"Forgive me, Nora!"

She had not even winced. A settling of lines about her mouth, and now a glance of faint inquiry, that was all.

"And why should not the truth be told? The mistake was in not letting me know it weeks ago. But I talk foolishly. How could you then have my love, and the sight of my trusting happiness to amuse you for a while?"

"Nora, my dear, don't! I spoke in temper; it was cowardly, brutal, and you know I have cared for you; but it is impossible that we can be anything more than friends, and I was a scoundrel to forget it."

And Godfrey, strangely shamed and moved, poured forth words of remorse, regret, and affection. He was genuine too. This six weeks' flirtation should never have been, no, not even pour passer le temps, and that excuse in some men's hearts is enough to palliate a great deal. He, a rising barrister, soon to be a Queen's Counsel, marked out for future elevation to the Bench, well born, and a man of the world, had not any right to have won the love of this self-educated girl, who, for all her refined air, was but the daughter of Irish peasants, and in her simplicity and ignorance had evidently thought love-making was always a prelude to marriage!

Nora listened to the speeches that Godfrey's regret now prompted, quite unmoved. Only once was she roused, and that when he spoke of her marrying (as he kindly hoped) some day. Then she lost her calm.

"How dare you imagine me so base! Am I to offer my second-hand affection and my broken trust to an honest man?"

Godfrey was dumb. Such feelings about caresses were unique to him. And how splendid she was in her anger, that, somehow, seemed more against herself than him.

"My dear child," he said, touched by her ideas, and the memory of her resistance that had, unconsciously, been her chief attraction; but then, her trust once gained, no child could have yielded her confidence more simply, or with sweeter generosity given her love.

"My dear child, you are as good and simple as a girl can be! You are oversensitive—you, at least, have no cause to blame yourself."

She looked at him. "I have loved you." And without another word, Nora turned and left him.

Godfrey Graeme bit his lips as he watched her retreating figure upon the rough Irish scenery, and then he laughed aloud.

"Bah! who is unreasonable now? By my word, not until now, when she hates and despises me, did I know how much I care for this strange, lowly-born girl. Her parents may be peasants, but she is a queen herself, and knows it too! She is as much above the London doll of society as the same doll would consider her beneath it. What a cur I am in her magnificent eyes! I wish I had never seen her, or else had the courage to raise her to my level in the world. What folly! it would never have done! no, no, my pretty Nora; clever, even talented, as I believe you to be, Godfrey cannot afford to make you his wife."

* * * * * *

Ten years later the star of the London season was one Miss Killarn, granddaughter of Lady Killarn, and, it was whispered, her sole heiress. There was a romantic story, too, afloat, of this young lady's father having made a terrible mesalliance; then, disowned by his family, he had died just before his wife gave birth to their child, leaving her destitute, and the poor young woman, broken-hearted and friendless, had only lived long enough to bring her babe into the world, before she followed her young husband. Some kindly peasant folk, with whom the young couple had lodged in a lonely part of Ireland, had gladly adopted the infant, and brought her up in entire ignorance that they were not her parents, until an accident brought old Lady Killarn and the girl together.

Then the latter's resemblance to her father, her grace and talents, had at once won the old lady's heart, and she claimed her granddaughter from the distressed peasants, whom, however, nothing would ever induce Nora to ignore or neglect. She had spent a little of the year with them until this season, so the story ran, but could do so no longer, on account of their death through fever, which she, herself, had risked in order to be near them to the last.

Miss Killarn appeared cold enough in society; quite different from the average Irishwoman, people said; but nevertheless she was a success, as indeed she could hardly fail to be, when beauty, wit, position and money were arrayed in all their power to win her the homage of the male sex, and the envy of her own.

It was a source of wonder that she had never married during the years she had spent travelling about with Lady Killarn, but it was fully expected that this London season would end in a magnificent wedding; for though it was strange to say, Miss Killarn's first visit to the Metropolis, she appeared to have quickly conquered the eligible Godfrey Graeme, the leading Queen's Counsel of the day, and hitherto considered unassailable in his confirmed bachelorhood.

The progress of the affair was watched with the keenest interest by society at large, and this feeling reached its height at a soiree, given by Lady Killarn.

To-night she was no longer cold, her gray eyes were humid, tender, changing, darkening with intensity of feeling, and almost unearthly in their flashes of light.

"Nora!"

Godfrey Graeme and Miss Killarn were alone upon the terrace.

"Nora, I have never dared to mention the past to you before, but I must to-night, for I want to thank you for your generous forgiveness, and to ask you to crown it with the promise, Nora, queen of women, to be my wife! I love you, Nora, do you hear? I love you—you—only you. And I do not need your dear voice to tell me that you love me too—for if not, why should you have acted as you have done these happy, happy weeks?"

Nora Killarn put her hands upon her breast, pushing him back so that his eyes looked down into her own, and answered as he had spoken ten years ago:

"Pour passer le temps!"

Godfrey Graeme's arms fell to his side, and she was free.

"So! This is your revenge," he said passionately. "Well, it is a very ample one, and you have played your part successfully; but loving you, as God knows I do at this moment, I wish you had found a way to punish me without sacrificing your own nobility. It was unnecessary too, for you would have had me at your feet, without lowering your standard of truth."

He left her, as she had once left him, and it seemed to Godfrey Graeme that never before had he realised the degradation of the pastime called by men "Pour passer le temps!" (to pass the time).

The story ought to have ended here of course, but you see it did not. Women's actions are so unaccountable. One would have thought the glory of such a dramatic revenge would have satisfied any female, and that she would then have married some one else, have done with romance, and lived "happy ever after."

Not a bit of it!

"Sad thing about Godfrey Graeme, eh?" Nora Killarn heard, just after entering a theatre with her grandmother, Lady Killarn, to see a matinee.

"Lost his eyesight, they say, through an accident with some chemicals. Shocking disfigurement, and of course will terribly interfere with his career."

"Poor fellow!" drawled another speaker. "Well, he's been having a fair innings with the good things of life. Lived pretty well up to the hilt, by the way; doubt if he has saved much of a fortune. If it were me, I'd shoot myself and have done with it."

Here the cynic received a look from the young lady next to him, that plainly said it wouldn't be much of a grief to her if he did it at that moment.

"Don't move, grandmamma," she whispered, "but I'm going home. I shall find the carriage waiting somewhere near, and will send it back in time for you."

And before the rather deaf old lady understood Nora's purpose, she had left the theatre. Lady Killarn was used to her whims, and so settled herself to enjoy the play, to which she supposed Nora had taken an objection.

That young lady drove straight to T—— Street, a mile or two from her own home, and dismissed the carriage.

Her cheeks were burning, and eyes blazing with some sudden resolve.

"Mr. Graeme?" she inquire for, when a man-servant stood before her in answer to an imperious summons at the bell of one of the gloomy houses in T—— Street.

"Is too unwell to be seen, madam."

Most women would have retired; not Nora Killarn.

"He will see me," she said decidedly, "unless he is laid up."

The man hesitated.

"No, madam, but his orders are——"

"I am a very old friend," she interrupted. "I can promise that no blame will attach to you for taking me to him unannounced."

Her confident air and pleasant smile overruled the servant's reluctance at such an unusual proceeding, and he led the way to the doctor's study; then, rather scared by the thought of his master's surprise, beat a hasty retreat, as Nora boldly turned the handle and entered.

Godfrey Graeme stared. His eyes were bandaged, but he knew this was not the step of a servant.

"Godfrey!"

Dear me! away with the pride, conventionalism, and all restriction when a woman sees the man she loves in pain and trouble.

"Godfrey, forgive me! I told you an untruth. It was not pour passer le temps that I behaved to you so."

He would have risen, but she was kneeling at his side, her tears falling upon his hands.

"Why have you come to tell me this, Nora? For pity's sake, let there be truth between us now? You have had your revenge. I won't say even that I did not deserve it, but let that hateful French sentence be at rest now, for surely it is not to be applied to this scene. Say no, Nora, or such a thought will drive me mad."

For answer she fastened her arms round his neck, and she laid her wet cheek against his forehead.

"No, Godfrey, no, and forgive me for the lie that in my pride I dared to tell. With me, it was and ever will be, 'Je t'aimerai toujours,' sweetest of all French words. Oh, my darling, forget the past, and let me be your comfort in the present!"

Terribly humble, was it not? I say again, women are not to be depended upon. A little pity will sweep away years of righteous anger, and from avenging goddesses they are transformed into the meekest of yielding, weeping women.

Blind? No, it was only temporary. Perhaps Nora's kisses cured him; at any rate his accident won Godfrey Graeme the subjection of as loyal a heart as ever lived.

Let us hope he never tried it again.

AVOID ALL RISK with a Stubborn Cough by using at once Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, a sure remedy for all Coughs and Colds and well calculated to exert a beneficial influence on Lungs and Throat.

Scientific and Useful.

THE TELEPHONE.—A telephone has been invented through which a voice may be heard in any part of a room.

CIGARETTES.—A small horse-power engine, which is said to make 42 cigarettes a minutes, is the invention of a Frenchman.

THE NAVY.—The navy department propose introducing electricity instead of steam for operating heavy guns mounted on turrets on warships.

SLEEP.—Of methods of inducing sleep may be mentioned a well ventilated bedroom, "a plate of porridge and milk about 9.30," wet compresses round the body, and so on.

SOAP.—Soap has been substituted for wax on the recording surface of the phonograph by a Berlin inventor. The advantage gained is that soap is unaffected by ordinary changes of temperature.

IVY POISON.—Good remedies for persons poisoned with rhus ivy are to bathe parts affected in a decoction of hemlock boughs or of oak leaves, or with a teaspoonful of sulphate of iron in a small cup of boiling water.

NEW INSTRUMENT.—An Italian has invented a new musical instrument for which great things are predicted. In appearance it resembles a small upright piano. The keyboard is like that of the piano, but the hammers, set in motion by the keys, are tipped with metal instead of leather, like an exaggerated music box. The music is said to be very pure and sweet of tone, though not very loud.

OXYGEN.—Oxygen is likely to play an important part in the submarine boat soon to be built for the navy. It has been found that a comparatively small quantity of oxygen from time to time admitted to a submarine chamber will keep the air of such a chamber for hours in the condition to sustain human life. Instead, then, of carrying large volumes of compressed air in many heavy metallic receivers, a single receiver filled with oxygen may be carried. This makes possible an important economy of weight and space.

Farm and Garden.

FERN.—In the shops of fruiterers in London and Paris and elsewhere, apples and pears are packed in hampers containing fern-leaves, the venders all asserting that they keep the fruit fresh and good and free from mould and decay.

STOCK.—Those who keep young stock alive through the winter on rough fodder for the sake of the growth they will make next summer should be able to see that the summer growth could be added just as well and much cheaper if the animals had been kept growing all winter. You cannot starve a young animal and make it up afterward.

WASTE LAND.—It is said that Virginia there are 1,000,000 acres of waste land or land that is not under cultivation more than there is under cultivation, while in North Carolina there is double the land not cultivated that is cultivated. Illinois has 4,000,000 of its 30,000,000 that are idle. Less than half of the land of Maine and New Hampshire is under cultivation.

FARMING.—The conviction is gaining ground that no practice of old-time farming was more wasteful than that of having the land naked while it was being cultivated in preparation for another crop. Something growing on the land at all times must be the motto. Not only does the green crop add to the soil's fertility, but it prevents what was on the soil from being wasted.

EGGS.—From the day that an egg is dropped by the hen to the moment when it is consumed it is losing weight and diminishing in volume. This process goes on much more rapidly in hot weather than in cold, and consequently perfect eggs are not so readily procured in summer as in winter. If by any means this evaporating process is stopped, the egg remains sound and good for a great length of time. The substance used to stop transpiration must not be soluble in watery fluids or liable to be readily moved. By chemical agencies—that is, by actually filling up the little holes in the shell by lime placed in contact in solution—eggs may be preserved for months and even years in a sweet condition.

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by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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Of Friendship.

Few things are more common in this world, happily, than friendliness; but friendship in its highest sense is a rarity. It is even more rare than what we call love. Love, as commonly understood, occurs at least once in the majority of lifetimes; but a true friendship hardly comes to one in a hundred persons. It includes the best part of love, without the evanescence that sometimes accompanies the stronger passion.

He is a fortunate man who finds a friend. Emerson says that "when a man becomes dear to me, I have touched the goal of fortune." He is right. Higher than this one cannot go.

And again, Emerson says that true love "cannot be unrequited." Again he is right. A true love is its own requital. It may bring trouble, affliction—its very root is a sort of divine discontent; but it brings with it life's truest gold. No one has truly lived till he has loved.

It is usually supposed that in friendship there must be an equality—that one must not be giving more than he receives. Possibly such might be the case in an ideal communion; but it is very seldom the case upon this earth.

In most friendships, one is the more active, the other more passive; one offers, and the other takes; one glows, and the other receives his light. The bond between them need be none the less sacred and binding, none the less beautiful. The heart that gives most loses nothing by its giving, but gains. If it be more blessed than to receive, then he who receives gives a blessing by receiving. Not only so, but there are different kinds of giving.

"The man who is willing to receive my affection, my sympathy, and such tenderness as it lies in me to offer him, is conferring upon me a priceless benefit. I feel that I owe him more than life can ever repay. If he will allow me to do and to suffer for his sake, it is I who am indebted, and not he. How can I ever repay him for having accepted what I offered? Can the devotion of a lifetime in any way requite? My friend is never more my friend than when he is receiving and I am giving."

Perhaps that is not the light in which this matter is usually regarded. Such practice might not do for cases of mere acquaintanceship and society. The laws of social etiquette demand that an equivalent be given for everything. But the laws of spiritual love know that no equivalent can be given, consciously, for anything. The effort to make a return is an outrage on friendship's finest essence. Current coin goes for nothing here. There is no such thing as giving value for value. What is received is priceless, what is given is priceless; it cannot be figured and ticketed. The obligation on both sides is greater than can be acknowledged; neither can write out a receipt and cry quits. There is no nobler tie between heart and heart than this mutual debt, which neither can feel as an obligation, because it is a part of the soul's very life.

The feeling of gratitude is sometimes considered to be an important element of friendship. But gratitude of itself can hardly produce natural love. There is a sense in which we should love all men; but we can never love all men with the love of an overpowering friendship, nor can a sense of kindness received cause us to feel so towards one in particular.

Universal love is something superhuman; the love which we are speaking of as friendship is peculiar to the "natural man." It is rooted firmly on present things, and could be happy enough on this earth, without thinking of the future, if the company of the loved one could be assured. Shall we call it "profane" love, because such is its feeling?

The wonderful love of Jonathan for David is recorded in Scripture without condemnation; yet undoubtedly Jonathan's love was such as this.

Thoreau is right in thinking that such love occurs more frequently between persons of the same sex, than between man and woman. For the sexual love, which is a law of nature, is totally different from, and inferior to, this love, unless it is supplemented by the higher. One curse of society is the fact that it so seldom is thus supplemented.

"If I find my friend to be unworthy, does it diminish or kill my love? Hardly. I cannot change because my friend has changed, or because my knowledge of him has changed. He may become less of a friend to me; I cannot become less of a friend to him. Inconstancy or fickleness is possible in that connection which looks for a return; but true love expects nothing in exchange for what it gives, and thereby is enriched immeasureably. It looks for no barter of courtesies and civilities; such things belong to a lower level. If I could not love always, having once loved, I could not feel sure of the immortality of my soul. What is there that can endure, if love cannot? If I go to my own heart, and find its love is transient and inconstant, then indeed I may say all is vanity, and there is no good under the sun. To discover this must lead to atheism and despair."

THE principles of right, as applied to money-matters, afford the only hope of extracting from money that happiness which it is capable of affording. There is but little vital and practical belief in this truth. People still object to the equitable exchange of honest labor for honest money, and prefer easy and indirect methods of transferring the money they crave from other's pockets to their own. The idea that happiness can thus be procured is the secret cause of speculation, gambling, fraud and all kinds of dishonorable transactions. If our youth were intelligently instructed in these things and made to see the real misery which flows from dishonest gains, if they were grounded in the principles of truth and justice, not merely as duties, but as the only true foundations of business and the only road to permanent prosperity, instances of folly and crime would be rare. There should be no sentimental disparagement of money; its true value should be clearly presented, and every encouragement given to acquire it by honorable methods, but it should be ingrained into the minds of the young that only as it is rightly won and rightly used can it bring the happiness they desire.

HAPPINESS passes away, leaving hardly a single trace behind, and can often, indeed, scarcely be called happiness, seeing nothing lasting has been gained by it. Unhappiness also passes away (and that is a great consolation), but leaves deep traces behind, and, if we know how to improve them, most wholesome ones, purifying and strengthening, and frequently productive of the highest happiness. It is worthy of peculiar remark, that when we are not too solicitous as to happiness or the want of it, but devote ourselves to the strict unsparing fulfilment of duty, then happiness comes of itself—yes, even arises from a life of troubles and anxieties and privations. I have often seen this verified in the case of women who were very unfortunate in their conjugal relations, but who would rather have perished than dreamt of forsaking their duty.

THE fitting of self for one's sphere is much needed in all business and in all life, yet it is grievously neglected. Position is confounded with service. How to get into the coveted place occupies the thoughts and efforts almost exclusively, but how to meet its responsibilities and perform its duties is a secondary consideration. Thus are eagerly sought and welcomed all kinds of outside helps and lifts that can through money or influence or other means push the aspirant up nearer to his ambitious goal, while he escapes the discipline and misses the benefit which would accrue did he slowly and laboriously ascend the many steps of learning and preparation and practice that lie between his present condition and that which is needed in his hoped-for future.

EVERY function has its own proper sphere and natural limit, and can do its best work only within that sphere and those limits. Nothing is gained, but much lost, by encroachment. Whether we have but a minute, a day, a week, or a month given us for decision, the mind will act more vigorously, more successfully if it be compelled to finish its own work in its own time. Even though no light seems to be shed upon the subject, when the time for action has arrived, it is better to act than to delay. The mistakes thus made will be the best lessons for the future, and the mind will thus be trained to greater swiftness and vigilance.

NATURE never gives to a living thing capacities not particularly meant for its benefit and use. If nature gives to us capacities to believe that we have a Creator whom we never saw, of whom we have no direct proof, who is kind and good and tender beyond all we know of kindness and goodness and tenderness on earth, it is because the endowment of capacities to conceive such a Being must be for our benefit and use; it would not be for our benefit and use if it were a lie.

THE failure of one man is the opportunity of another. Desperation is sometimes as powerful and inspired as genius. What appear to be calamities are often the sources of fortune. Dress does not make a man, but it often makes a successful one.

THE very fact of seeing a predominant evil lays a special obligation on the one who observes it to see to it that he himself is wholly blameless in the matter. This self-purification is the primary element in the purification of society.

TRUE power is calm, self-contained, seeking not for recognition, but willing patiently to bide its time, and anxious only to meet the demands, however arduous and trying, that may be made upon it.

To get good is animal, to do good is human, to be good is divine. The true use of a man's possessions is to help his work; and the best end of all his work is to show us what he is.

Do all the good you can, to all the people you can, as long as ever you can, in every place you can.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

J. R.—In Peru every province north of Arica is cultivating cotton.

A. N.—The oldest city in the United States is St. Augustine, Florida. A fort was built there by the Spaniards under Menendez in 1565.

C. C. C.—Bind a piece of cut lemon round the corn, which will gradually soften, and you will then be able to get it out with a pair of scissors, especially after soaking the toe in warm soapsuds.

DICK M.—Boastful persons, and such as disregard truth in their statements, are usually to be avoided; these sins, in the lowest point of view, are decidedly against etiquette of good society. No woman can either respect or love a man who is in the habit of deceiving her; nor can a man esteem or love a woman whose statements do not possess the virtue of truth.

R. V.—There is, perhaps, no surer sign of folly and egotism than a constant carping at small faults peculiar to those we love. Human nature is very far from perfect; as the finest china may have a flaw in it. You are too fidgety and exciting, and if you presevere in what you call "wholesale surveillance," you will estrange those whom you profess to love and esteem.

E. L. B.—The number of natives of Germany living in New York is variously estimated. The best judges think the number is in the vicinity of 50,000 or 60,000, but it has been stated in some newspapers to be 300,000. The number of Irish-born persons in the city—that is, persons born in Ireland—is estimated at 125,000, but we do not know whether the estimate is correct or not.

JANEY.—The word metre is the French measure, and, in the metric system devised by the French Academy commission for a common standard of weights and measures, is equivalent to 39.37079 inches, or 1.093321 English yards, i. e., a yard and about nine one-hundredths. The metric system is the simplest and most perfect ever devised—the very name of the weight or measure indicating its value.

M. M. S.—Fine and precious opals are profusely met with in Mexico; the former in the district of Zimapan, Esperanza, and others; the latter only those of Esperanza, Amealco, and Real del Monte. One of the finest specimens of the precious opal was sent by the Mining School of Mexico to the Centennial Exhibition in this city. It had a beautiful variety of colors, and was imbedded in a great mass of siliciferous porphyry, which contained a large quantity of nodules, formed by opals or by a strata resembling onyx.

C. N. S.—It is known that the Chinese, as early as 900 A. D. fastened rockets to their arrows, that the latter might be thrown to a greater distance. This, however, was not the real origin of the use of gunpowder with projectiles—gunpowder artillery having been used in China as early as 85 A. D. The Moorish King of Cordova, Abd-el Mumen, used rude artillery in 1156 against the Sicilians, but A. D. 1327 is the earliest record we have of the use of artillery by the English; and it was not till 1521 that cannons were first made in England.

E. B. S.—Either a black kid slipper or a satin boot or slipper to match the dress is worn for dancing; slippers, however, are preferred. Your party dress should be short. All dancing dresses are now made short. Dresses for dinners and receptions, on the contrary, should have trains. Ball dresses have no sleeves—just a puff or fall of lace at most—and are low or square at the neck. While you are away you can use mitts to match your dress, instead of gloves. They are quite fashionable, and are preferable, in summer, to gloves, for those ladies who, like yourself, have reason to complain of the excessive perspiration of their hands.

R. S. T.—If men and women commit a wrong they should do all in their power to atone for the injury done, and having done this the world should be willing to condone the offence, and not endeavor to remind them of that wrong-doing. "To err is human, to forgive divine," is an aphorism, which all should bear in mind. In regard to the circumstances of which you write it behooves you to be more discreet, and do not force your love upon a man who has not the courage to declare his intentions. A man should never trifle with the affections of a lady by paying her marked attentions when he does not contemplate marriage. A female coquette is bad enough; a male one is intolerable. Let there be a clearly defined distinction between the attentions of common courtesy or of friendship and those of love.

T. I.—Cophetua is pronounced ko-fet-u-a. It is the name of a mythical king of Africa, of great wealth, who fell in love with a beggar girl and married her. You will find the story versified by Tennyson in the "Beggar Maid." 2. Hyperion is the name of the sun; a satyr was a demi-god, with the body of a man, the feet and legs of a goat, with short horns on his head, and his body covered with hair. The meaning of the comparison is obvious. 3. Nemesis is the Greek personification of retribution, or that punishment which sooner or later overtakes the offender. 4. Lethe is one of the five rivers of the lower regions. The word means "forgetfulness," and that is the sense in which it is used in the sentence quoted. 5. Orpheus was a mythical Greek poet and musician, who is said to have charmed rocks, trees, wild beasts and the infernal powers by the music of his lyre. 6. Lear was a mythical king of Britain. Read Shakespeare's play of "King Lear."

AT EVEN SONG.

BY A. D.

If I could call you back for one brief hour,
It is at evensong that hour should be,
When bells are chiming from an old gray tower
Across the tranquil sea.

And you would listen with your tender smile,
Tracing the lines upon my tear-worn face,
And finding, even for a little while,
Our earth a weary place.

Far better, dear, that you, unfelt, unseen,
Should hover near me in the quiet air,
And draw my spirit through his mortal screen
Your higher life to share.

I would not call you back; and yet, ah me!
Faith is so weak, and human love so strong,
That sweet it seems to think of what might be
This hour at evensong.

Margaretta.

BY C. L.

ALTHOUGH no one would have called Mary Brown a beautiful girl, some people indeed going so far as to say that she was not even a pretty one, still the girl's face had a certain subtle charm that made most men when they had looked at her once look again— a charm, however, that was due rather to expression than to beauty of feature; and also the girl had a good figure, was graceful in her movements, endowed with that most excellent gift in woman, "a voice, soft, gentle and low." It was particularly soft and gentle as she pleaded earnestly.

"You will not send me away, Cousin Maggie?" and the girl looked so sad and pitiful as she recounted the troubles that had sent her to kind Mrs. Osgood for help and comfort, that the latter replied at once:

"No; my dear, no; you shall stay as long as you like and welcome, but——"

"Oh, don't say that you think I am wrong, that I ought to marry this 'honorable gentleman,'" speaking the last words in a tone of infinite scorn.

"My dear, are you not rather unjust to the young man? Remember, it is your father and his who have made the arrangement."

"But he must have consented; he is a man, not a poor helpless girl like I am."

"Still, it does not do to act too hastily. Why not see him?"

"To be declined with thanks if I don't find favor in his eyes, or if papa Brown's money bags are not so full as he expected. No, thank you, Cousin Maggie. If I marry at all, which I much doubt, I mean to be wooed for myself."

"My dear, I may be old-fashioned, but I don't like to hear you speak of your father as Papa Brown and in that tone."

"It is not I who call him by that name; I was only repeating to you the way in which they speak of him. Do you think, Cousin Maggie, this lord would be so anxious for me to marry his son if I were poor Mary Brown instead of rich Miss Brown, of Hawkhurst?" The girl spoke bitterly, but before Mrs. Osgood could answer, the door opened and the servant announced:

"The carriage is at the door, miss."

"Thanks; I am coming," rising as she spoke. "I suppose I must go, Cousin Maggie; besides, I promised Fred to pick him up at the station."

"I think it would be better to go, dear; do not vex your father more than is necessary."

"I do not mean or wish to vex him at all, but at such a marriage I cannot and will not consent."

Mrs. Osgood perfectly agreed with her young cousin upon this matter, but being a peacemaker by nature, not only refrained from speaking a single word that would add to Mary's anger, but used every means in her power to smooth down matters between the father and daughter; so far, however, her gentle counsels had been of no avail, for Mr. Brown was quite determined that his only child and heiress should make what he called 'a good,' viz., an 'aristocratic,' marriage.

This ambition, however, was not shared by Mary, who had her own ideas, and these pretty strong ones too, upon the subject of love and matrimony, so when she was informed by her father that a marriage had been arranged by himself and Lord Widdicombe between that gentleman's younger son, the Honorable Lindsay Josselyn, and herself, the girl had quietly but very decidedly declined the proposed alliance. Now, although Mr. Brown was a choleric as well as an obstinate old gentleman, he was a shrewd one also, and, knowing that Mary had inherited some of the first-named qualities from himself, smothered his annoyance for the time being, and quietly asked "upon what grounds she based her refusal."

"Need you ask, papa?" hastily.

"Certainly, Margaretta, I must ask, for it is really due to me, as your father, to know why you so deliberately run counter to my wishes for your future welfare and happiness."

Of late Mr. Brown had taken to speak of his daughter by her second name, as being a more distinctive title for her heiress, and Mary, when she heard it now used in speaking to her, understood that the matter in question was a serious one, and answered more calmly:

"For one thing, papa, I don't know him."

"Oh, that will soon be remedied; Mr. Josselyn is coming here."

"Coming here to see and inspect me as if I were a bale of goods to be disposed of."

"He is coming here as my guest, and listen to me, child," putting up his hand warningly as she was about to speak. "I expect you to receive him as I wish; the arrangement is one that is satisfactory to me as your father."

"And to Lord Widdicombe," broke in Mary, too angry to keep silence any longer, "as the father of an impecunious son whose debts he hopes to see paid by your hard-earned money."

Although the girl knew absolutely nothing personally of either Lord Widdicombe or his son, and had but drawn her bow at a venture, she knew that the shaft had hit the mark when her father answered sharply:

"Don't be a fool, Mary, and speak of what you know nothing about; all young men are more or less extravagant."

"I know one thing, father, and that is that no young man, be he the son of a peer or of a carpenter, wants to marry a girl he has never seen without some bad motive, and in this case the motive is your money."

"That's my affair and not yours; I am sure I don't know what you want, child."

"I don't want to marry at all. Oh, papa, why are you so anxious to get rid of me; am I not a good and loving child to you?"

"You have been, Mary; you have been, and I hope you will be both good and obedient. I am doing all I can for you. This young fellow is good-looking and agreeable, one whom any girl might like; he's well-born too, and will succeed his father some day, for his half-brother is a confirmed invalid and will never marry."

"Poor fellow, murmured Mary, "and his brother speculates upon his death. I don't know what other girls might do, papa, but I could never like a man who does that and is also willing to marry a girl whom he has never seen for her money."

"It is mere childish folly to talk in that way, Mary. Besides, didn't I tell you that Mr. Josselyn was coming down here?"

"To see me?" she asked, quietly enough.

"Yes, to see you," he returned, "and then——"

"And then," interrupted the girl, "he will take or leave me, as it pleases him, I suppose," the anger that she had been striving so hard to keep control blazing out in hot passionate words of indignant reproach. For the girl's pride, her modesty, her every womanly feeling was hurt and outraged by the thought that this man had actually bargained to see her before he finally decided whether to accept or refuse her hand as an accompaniment to Papa Brown's money.

"Oh! the shame and humiliation of it," exclaimed the poor girl, as she stood alone at the window of the big, luxuriously-furnished drawing room and watched her father drive away from the house without having spoken even one kind word to her in farewell. "Why won't he see that such an arrangement is an insult to himself as well as to me?"

An hour or two later Mary left the house also and betook herself to town, to seek from Mrs. Osgood the sympathy, comfort and advice she was so sorely in need of, and which she was sure of receiving from one who had ever proved herself a true friend and wise counsellor to the motherless girl. As gladly and freely as it was given was the sympathy accepted, but the advice "to be patient, to do nothing rashly," was not so palatable or easily taken by Mary, who was smarting under the feeling of injustice and insult. "There are times when weakness is wicked," she urged warmly.

"There are times when gentleness is strength," replied Mrs. Osgood. "Now, dear, go, or you will be late, and while you are away I will write to your father and say that you are with me."

"And going to remain——"

"For a little while, until things arrange themselves a little; they always do if one is patient, my dear. At present you are both hot and angry; when you are cooler you will both see things differently." And as she spoke the old lady shook her white curls wisely and smiled encouragement to the girl, who could not refuse to smile in return, even to laugh, as she called her 'a silly old darling.' But the smile died from the girl's lips as she entered the carriage and started for Eaton Place, where she had promised some days before to have tea with their county member's wife, which engagement Mrs. Osgood was making good use of in her letter to Mr. Brown as a reason for Mary having come up to town that day, and pleading the fog as an excuse for her not returning until the morrow.

"It is quite true, the fog is getting worse," with a glance at the window; "I only hope it will not grow very thick before she gets home. It would never do to let her travel back to Hawkhurst to-night in it, and it will not do, either," she added, with a half-smile, half-sigh, "to let them meet until they are both a little cooler, or they will talk themselves into a quarrel, for William is dreadfully obstinate when he takes an idea into his head, and Mary —well, yes, the dear child does certainly like to have her own way in some things also," which concluding remark shows how even the best and most well-meaning of women are influenced by their affections. Ah, well! if every one followed only the dictates of the head, this world would certainly be very different from what it is. Perhaps it might be a wiser one —who can say?—but certainly it would not be half so pleasant to live in.

So absorbed was Mary in her own thoughts, that at first she did not notice how fast the fog was creeping on, enveloping everything and every one in its chill, glooming embrace, transforming the hurrying passers-by into dim ghostlike forms, and giving to the houses a strange, unnatural appearance as they loomed out dark and indistinct through the surrounding yellow-gray clouds; but when she did the girl at once pulled the check string, opened the window, and demanded of the coachman:

"Jenkins, do you think it is safe to go on?"

"I ain't Jenkins, miss; he's laid up with the rheumatism, and I'm doing his work for him. I'm Thomas Masson, miss, and I can't say as how I think it would be wise to go on."

"We certainly won't go to Eaton Place, but I promised to meet Mrs. Osgood at Sloane Square Station. We are near there, aren't we?"

"Yes, miss, it ain't very far."

"Then we will go there," decided Mary, "but no further."

On arrival that morning in town, Mary had happened quite accidentally to meet Fred Osgood, and would at once and gladly have confided her trouble to him, had time permitted, but Fred was a busy man, and had an appointment that could not be put off, so this meeting at the station had been arranged.

"You can tell me what's wrong as we drive home, and whatever it is we'll see you out of it somehow," he added confidently, and the words and the knowledge that Fred would stand by her in any and every difficulty and trouble cheered the girl and strengthened her courage. For Mary had looked upon Fred Osgood in the light of a brother all her life; they had played together as children, and he being some years the elder, had, as is the way of boys, alternately petted, teased and domineered over her; but as the years passed on the tables were turned, and it was Mary who then took the lead, and was the recipient, not of teasings, and jokings, but of the lad's hopes and fears and ambitions, his scrapes, his loves and his despairs, all of which were listened to with the deepest sympathy; in short, they had been as brother and sister together, and the frank cordial affection between them was true and strong as that of brother and sister, and without one tinge of any warmer or deeper feeling, then or now.

"Perhaps Fred may know something of this Mr. Josselyn," then blushed, ashamed; for she knew that the hope of this something being to Mr. Josselyn's disadvantage was in her heart, and the blush was still upon the girl's cheek when the carriage stopped before the station. Dimly through the fog Mary discerned Fred Osgood's tall figure, and opening the carriage door, beckoned to him with her hand, saying as he came nearer, "Make haste, dear boy; he knows where to go to." Then she drew back into her corner to allow enough room for "Fred's long legs." As he seat his seat and they started homewards, Mary continued in an affectionate voice, laying her hand upon his: "I am so glad you waited for me. I should not at all have liked to drive home by myself in this awful fog. Why, I have actually not seen your face yet, it is so dark. Luckily for me, Fred, that I knew your 'long figure'—as nurse calls it—so well." Though this was said with a laugh, it did not, as Mary expected, call forth an answering one from Fred. Wondering at his silence, and also a little alarmed by it, she asked anxiously, "what is it, Fred? Is anything the matter, dear?"

"I am not Fred. I think there has been some mistake," answered her companion.

"Not Fred? Then who are you?" demanded the girl in a tone that was at once frightened and angry.

"Lindsay Josselyn."

At the mention of this name Mary started and shrank back in horror, unable in her dismay and confusion to utter a sound as the speaker, all unknowing the effect of his words, explained how on his side the mistake had occurred.

"I had arranged to meet my sister at the station, and when your carriage drove up and I saw a lady beckon to me, I took it for granted it was she. It is impossible to distinguish faces in this fog."

"But I spoke. I called out, 'Make haste.'"

"Yes, and added the words 'dear boy,' which confirmed me in my opinion, for the expression is a favorite one with her, and she has, like you—I mean your voices are similar in tone."

Even at that moment Mary, womanlike, could not help wondering what were the words he had refrained from speaking. Then seeing him put out his arm to find and pull the check-string, said, though with what motive the girl herself could not have told:

"I am Miss Brown."

It was now his turn to be startled at a name, for a Miss Brown had been occupying much of his thoughts of late, and that not too pleasantly. It was of a Miss Brown, too, he had been thinking as he stood in the fog waiting for his sister. It was a curious coincidence, certainly, that this girl with the sweet voice should also be a Miss Brown, but nothing more, of course. Still it was in a tone of surpressed eagerness that he said, "May I ask what is your Christian name?" forgetting in his surprise to pull the check-string as he had intended.

"Mary," a sudden impulse seizing the girl to hide her own identity—not a difficult task to one hearing the name she did. ("Besides," Mary told herself defiantly, "it is my own name, by which all my friends know me. There is no deception in it, for it is only papa who sometimes calls me by that other one.") "Why did you wish to know?"

"Oh, my father has a friend, a Mr. Brown, who has a daughter. It sounds like a thing out of Punch that, doesn't it?" laughing rather awkwardly at his own explanations.

"Yes," was the quiet assent. "And this daughter, is her name Mary, too?"

"Oh dear, no; something much grander. She is called Margaretta."

"And you know her?"

"No, I don't know her. I have not even seen her." Then he pulled the check-string, apologizing once more for the mistake he had made, for he took the whole blame to himself, opened the door and got out. But as he was closing it, Masson leant back and said:

"It ain't safe, miss, to go on further without some one leading the horse."

"Don't be frightened, Miss Brown. I will see to that. There is really no danger." Then before Mary could say a word, Mr. Josselyn went to the horse's head, and the girl was alone, wondering if she were awake or dreaming, so unreal it all seemed —so utterly impossible that the man whom all that day she had been thinking of as her cruellest enemy, and speaking of in the most bitter terms, was now guiding her through the darkness and gloom to safety and home.

Could this be the Lindsay Josselyn of whom her father had spoken that very day? There might be another of the name. But no! It must be the same, for he had said his father had a friend, Mr. Brown, whose daughter was named Margaretta. "How glad I am that he has never seen me," thought Mary, as she remembered with a hot blush how she had lain her hand upon his and called him dear.

"Mr. Josselyn!" leaning out of the window and speaking so softly that she had to repeat the call before he heard. "Really there is no need for you to take so much trouble." As she said this several men

with torches appeared, and one of them coming up to the carriage, raised his torch aloft in such a manner that the light fell full upon them, and thus Lindsay Josselyn and Mary Brown looked on one another's faces for the first time, and as their eyes met both smiled, and Mary continued, the soft color flushing her cheek as she spoke. "Indeed I cannot let you go any further out of your way. Perhaps this man," turning to the torch-bearer, "will lead the horse for me?" a proposal which the man agreed to—for a consideration; so off they started again, this time Mr. Josselyn not leading, but walking beside the carriage, his hand resting upon the open window, as he said:

"You must not send me away, Miss Brown. Do you not remember saying to me, when you thought I was Fred, that you would not like to drive home alone in this fog?"

Yes, Mary remembered having said this, she told him softly.

"Then, as I have taken his place in one thing, will you not let me act still further in his stead and see you safe home?"

"But is it not dreadfully out of your way? I have to go to Kensington."

"Not in the least. Indeed there is no use saying more about it, for I don't mean to be sent away until you are safe at home."

"I am staying with a cousin, Mrs. Osgood; it was her son whom I went to meet at the station," and then she told him how on her side the mistake had arisen, that this had made them companions.

"Am I so like him?" he asked, wondering at the same time if the cousins were affianced lovers; and, remembering how she had placed her hand on his and called him dear, decided that they must be, and though of course it did not matter to him in any way, he hoped the fellow was a nice one and "worthy of the girl."

"You are only like Fred in figure," Mary had answered, and then she too became silent, for a little while each was busy thinking of the other; then hovering as does a bird near its nest when strangers draw close, fearful of its secret being discovered, and yet unable to tear itself away from the dangerous neighborhood, Mary broke the silence with:

"You seemed quite startled when I told you my name, Mr. Josselyn, and yet it is not an uncommon one."

"I was for the moment," he admitted. "The truth was that my thoughts had been a good deal occupied by a namesake of yours."

"The one you spoke of, Miss Margaretta Brown?"

"Yes, and the coincidence of your being a Miss Brown also struck me as being strange."

"Why should it?" she asked, growing bolder in her questioning, "for neither my surname nor my Christian one are by any means uncommon."

Mr. Josselyn did not answer her question; instead he quoted softly.

" The sweetest name that mortals bear,
And she to whom it first was given,
Was half of earth and half of heaven."

* * * * * *

"Then you have quite determined that this marriage shall take place," said Mrs. Osgood, during an interview with Mr. Brown upon the subject that had brought Mary to town the day before.

"Quite determined," setting his lips firmly; "and remember, Margaret, that it is only on condition that you do not try to influence her against my wishes, which are entirely for her welfare, that I have given permission for Margaretta to remain with you while Fred is away."

"Yes, I quite understand; but, William, there is one thing I must ask you: is there anything against this Mr. Josselyn's character that——

"Nothing, Margaret," he interrupted; "nothing. Would I wish to see my girl married to him if there were?" This in a hurt tone.

"No, of course not. Forgive me, William, for asking, but I heard that he was in debt."

"So are most young men in his position. I acknowledge that he has been careless, too careless perhaps, about money matters." If it had been any one else, Fred Osgood for instance, Mr. Brown would have called this carelessness gross extravagance. This Mrs. Osgood knew, but being a wise old lady and anxious to keep Mr. Brown in a good humor, she kept this knowledge to herself, and suppressed even the shadow of a smile.

"I am anxious to see my daughter well and suitably settled," continued Mr. Brown pompously, "and I did think she was a sensible girl."

"So she is, William," broke in Cousin Maggie, in eager defence of her favorite, "and a dear, good, loving child as well. You should not blame her," she added with a laugh, "for having inherited some of your decision of character."

"No do I, Margaret," unbending at this subtle flattery; "but we must not let firmness degenerate into obstinacy."

"They are very nearly related sometimes, William," this with a twinkle in the kindly old eyes, that Mr. Brown, however, fortunately did not see.

"On the contrary, they are quite distinct; obstinacy is a fault, firmness is a virtue."

"Until it degenerates," added Mrs. Osgood demurely; then in different tone, "but you will not find Mary obstinate: what she requires is time to become reconciled to the idea. Remember, she knew nothing of it until yesterday, and she is very young, William, and motherless."

"True, true, poor girl," this in a softer voice.

"When she knows Mr. Josselyn, perhaps——"

"But she has refused even to see him. Most awkward for me, for I have invited him to Hawkhurst to make her acquaintance. Fortunately he is not able to come to-morrow."

"When did you hear that?"

"Only this morning, otherwise I could not have allowed her to remain on here."

"Yes, of course; and, William, I think I can promise that when Mr. Josselyn does go to Hawkhurst, Mary will be there to receive him."

"Ah, if you only knew," thought Mrs. Osgood, with a smile, "that Mr. Josselyn was seated in this very room not twenty-four ago, having tea with Mary and me, how astonished you would be," but these thoughts were not spoken aloud, for the secret was Mary's, and she had promised to keep it for a little while, only a little while, and then—the old lady smiled again, happy at the picture she saw in the future, of Mary, who was to her as a daughter, at peace with her father, a loved and loving wife. For Cousin Maggie had been quick to note that the two young people, who had become so strangely acquainted, had taken a mutual liking to one another. And when, during the days that followed this first meeting, each afternoon saw Lindsay Josselyn installed upon some excuse or another in Mrs. Osgood's pretty drawing-room, that lady felt sure that the liking was fast becoming on both sides love. And she, as well as her young guest, smiled a friendly welcome upon their visitor.

During those days, spite of the fog and rain that made the outside world so dull, chill and drear, Mary lived in the light that never was on sea or land, in a world of brightness and sunshine created by the mighty power of love, and peopled with sweet fancies and fair hopes, from which, however, she was all too soon recalled to the hard, stern realities of every day life by the arrival of a telegram from her father. The message was but a short one: "Return Thursday without fail. Expect L. J." Short as it was, however, Mary read it over two or three times before she could realize all that it meant to her. Then with a little shiver, as if she were suddenly awakening to the chill and gloom of the real world around her, the girl handed the telegram to Mrs. Osgood, who rose and went to the table, upon which the servant had placed the lighted lamp, for it was afternoon and the winter days were short and dark.

"It can't be true, Cousin Maggie," the girl rather questioned than affirmed. "He would have told us yesterday if he were going."

"Why did not your father write? I hate these telegrams. They are so short and unsatisfactory."

The old lady spoke shortly, almost sharply, in the terrible fear and doubt that had seized her. Could she have been mistaken in thinking Lindsay Josselyn cared for Mary? Had she by allowing his visits brought to her young cousin sorrow and suffering instead of love and happiness? The very thought was a cruel one, but before she could answer either herself or Mary, the servant announced:

"Mr. Josselyn."

"I was just saying that I hate these things," said Mrs. Osgood briskly, as she went forward telegram in hand to greet her visitor, and standing between him and Mary in such a way as to shield the latter from observation, thus giving the girl time to recover her composure. "They always bring me disagreeable news."

"I hope nothing serious this time, Mrs. Osgood."

"It means that I am to lose Mary, and I call being left alone very serious."

"But I shall come back to you very soon, and, besides, you will have Fred home in a day or two."

"Ah, that reminds me. I haven't got off my letters. If you will excuse me, Mr. Josselyn, I will go and do it at once, and, Mary, I will send an answer to this for you."

And away bustled the old lady, in the hope that the two young people, if alone, would come to an understanding. At first it seemed as if both of them had lost the power of speech, so silent were they, then Lindsay Josselyn asked abruptly:

"When do you leave?"

"To-morrow."

"And when will you return?"

"Ah, that I don't know; perhaps, most probably, indeed, not for some time."

"Mary, will you listen to a story I want to tell you of myself?"

Then, as she murmured an assent, he told her of his follies and extravagances, and how at last his father had promised that he would pay his debts on condition that he would marry a girl with money.

"It sounds rather a cowardly way to get out of one's difficulties, does it not, Mary?" he asked bitterly; "even if the girl were willing to be sacrificed."

"And is the girl willing?" asked Mary in a low voice. She had listened to him until now in silence, with clasped hands and bent head, but as she asked this question she raised her eyes and looked at him anxiously.

"No; I don't fancy she is. The arrangement so far had been entirely made by our respective fathers, but now I have to come to some decision, for my father has promised old Brown in my name that I will go down on Friday to his place, Hawkhurst."

"Why have you told me this?" asked Mary.

"Because I love you, Mary, with my whole heart. I have no right to tell you this, I know, for I am too poor to ask you to be my wife, but I should not like you to think worse of me than necessary."

"You are going to Hawkhurst?" said Mary in a low tone.

"No; I am going to leave England to try by honest hard work to redeem my past."

"To leave England; but—but—if that girl loves you?"

"Love me; how can she? No, if she married me it would be to please her father, or because if anything happened to poor old Josselyn—which heaven forbid—I should step into his shoes."

"Was it of this girl, Margaretta, that your thoughts were full that day we met?"

"Yes. She has one thing in her favor, Mary, she is your namesake."

"And did you"—this was asked timidly, "did you intend, then, to marry her?"

A flush rose to Lindsay Josselyn's face at this question, but he admitted frankly:

"I am afraid so. It was a sore temptation. Don't think too hardly of me, Mary, remember, dear, I did not know you then."

What woman could have judged him hardly after that? Mary certainly could not.

"I don't think hardly of you, Lindsay," putting out her hand as she spoke.

Taking it in his, he bent down and pressed a warm kiss upon it; then, still holding it close, pleaded:

"Mary, dear, now that you know all, tell me, is there any hope of your caring for me some day, if——"

"I love you now," she answered softly and clearly, but scarcely were the brave words spoken than she hid her blushing face.

"And you will wait for me, my darling?"

"Yes; on one condition. You will grant me my first request, Lindsay," pleadingly.

"Don't make it too hard a one, Mary."

"It is quite easy. Don't try and see me, don't even write, until you have settled with your father and Margaretta."

"That will soon be done; but each day I don't see you will be an eternity."

Mary smiled, then said softly:

"And, Lindsay, remember, you are still free, so if you think, when you see her, that Margaretta would make you happy—"

But she was not allowed to finish her sentence, Lindsay ended it for her in a fashion that, to judge from Mary's smiles and blushes, was not absolutely disagreeable to her.

"DEAR MR. JOSSELYN:—"I hope you will be able to come to us next Friday. My reason for asking you to do this is that I am desirous to speak with you upon a subject of interest to us both. The carriage will be at the station to meet the 3.40 train from London.

"Yours faithfully,
"M. BROWN."

This was the letter that Lindsay Josselyn read to himself more than once on his way to Hawkhurst, whither he was proceeding on the Friday mentioned by Miss Brown in her note of invitation which Lindsay would gladly have declined, if the girl had left him any possibility of doing so.

"What on earth did she want to see him for?" he wondered wrathfully; for the proposed interview was not a pleasant one to look forward to by any means, and he heartily wished it was well over. Then his glance fell upon the signature, M. Brown, and his thoughts flew off at one to Mary and the sweet confession of her love. And he forgot all about Margaretta until the train stopped and he alighted at Hawkhurst Station, where he found the carriage waiting to drive him to the house. On arrival there he was at once ushered into a large luxuriously-furnished drawing-room, lighted by softly-shaded lamps and sweet with the scent of hothouse flowers.

As Lindsay Josselyn glanced round the room, he was struck with the good taste evidenced on all sides, and decided, with a somewhat grave smile, that whatever Margaretta might be herself, her surroundings certainly were all that could be desired. As his wandering glances fell upon a tall pier-glass near, he saw reflected in it a heavy embroidered portiere curtain, that was hung over a door. It the further end of the room, which door led to a smaller drawing-room beyond; and as he looked at it, this curtain was slowly drawn aside and he saw, still reflected in the glass, the girl he loved, the girl for whose sake he was going to leave home and England and friends, entered the room.

For one moment he gazed bewildered, doubting his own eyesight; the next, he wheeled round and hurried towards her.

As he turned the girl stopped, then with outstretched hands came forward to meet him.

"Mary, you here?"

"Lindsay. Are you not glad to see me? I thought—I thought——"

"Glad to see you, my darling? Of course I am," taking both her trembling little hands in his and drawing her into his embrace.

"And you are not angry with me, Lindsay?"

"Angry with you, my love?" not understanding one bit what the girl meant. "I am surprised to see you naturally. Why did you not tell you knew these Browns, dear?"

"Oh, Lindsay, can't you understand!"

"Oh, yes, of course. I see now you are relations."

"And Lindsay," she pleaded softly, "won't you try and love Margaretta?"

"Mary," holding the girl from him and looking earnestly into the blushing, agitated face, "do you, the woman I love better than life itself, counsel me to do this thing? Do you not love me, Mary? Are the words you spoke on Wednesday evening not true?"

"Yes, yes; they are true, Lindsay. I love you—I love you. Oh, how can I explain? I am Margaretta. Don't turn from me, Lindsay. Can you not forgive me, dear?" raising beseeching eyes to his face. "I didn't mean to deceive you; but when you told me your name, that day in the fog, I couldn't, for very shame, tell you that I was Margaretta: but I didn't tell you an untruth, for my name is Mary; every one who loves me calls me that, except papa sometimes, and then, when I found I loved you—Oh, must I, need I, say more?"

For answer, Lindsay drew the girl closer, and whispered, ere their lips met in "the long, fond kiss of love:"

"My own; my love. As long as you are that, my darling, what care I if to others you are Mary or Margaretta?"

The Weird Viollin.

BY S. U. W.

THE great Polish violinist, S——, was strolling aimlessly about the town, on a sunny, but cold afternoon, in November of a certain year. He was to play, at night, at one of the great concerts which made the town so musically famous, and, according to his usual custom, he was observing passers by, looking in shop windows, and thinking of anything rather than the approaching ordeal. Not that he was nervous, for none could be less so, but he came to his work all the fresher for an hour or two of idle forgetfulness, and astonished his audiences the more.

Turning out of the busiest street, he ambled into a comparatively quiet thoroughfare, and throwing away an inch of cigar-end, produced a new havannah, lighting up with every sign of enjoyment. Now, it was part of his rule, when out on

these refreshing excursions, to avoid music shops, and he had already passed half-a-dozen without doing more than barely recognise them. It is therefore very remarkable that, walking by a large music warehouse in the quiet thoroughfare, he should suddenly stop, and, after remaining in doubt for a few moments, go straight to the window, and look in.

He had not seen anything when he first passed, and, indeed, he had merely ascertained, out of the corner of his eye, that one of the forbidden shops was near. Why, then, did he feel impelled to return?

The window was stocked, as all such windows are, with instruments, music, and such appurtenances are resin, bows, chin-rests, mutes, strings, bridges and pegs. An old Guarnerius, valued at several hundred guineas, lay alongside a shilling set of bones, and a flageolet, an ocarina, and several mouth organs were gracefully grouped upon a gilt-edged copy of "Elijah."

Amongst the carefully-arranged violins was a curious old instrument the like of which the virtuoso had never seen before, and at this he now stared with all his eyes. It was an ugly, squat violin, of heavy pattern, and ancient appearance. The maker, whoever he had been, had displayed considerable eccentricity throughout its manufacture, but more especially in the scroll, which, owing to some freak, he had carved into the semblance of a hideous, grinning face. There was something horribly repulsive about this strange work of art, and yet it also possessed a subtle fascination. The violinist, keeping his eyes upon the face, which seemed to follow his movements with fiendish persistency, slowly edged to the door, and entered the shop.

The attendant came forward, and recognising the well-known performer, bowed low.

"That is a curious-looking fiddle in the window," began the artist, at once, with a wave of his hand in the direction of the fiend.

"Which one, sir?" inquired the attendant. "Oh, the one with the remarkable scroll, you mean. I'll get it for you." Darting aside a little curtain, he dived into the window-bay, and produced the instrument, whose face seemed to be grinning more maliciously than ever.

"A fair tone, sir," added the man, "but nothing to suit you, I'm sure."

As soon as Herr S—— touched the neck of the violin he gripped it convulsively, and raised the instrument to his chin. Then, for a few moments, he stood, firm as a rock, his eyes fixed upon the awe-stricken attendant, evidently without seeing him.

"A bow," said the musician, at length, in a low voice. He stretched out his disengaged hand and took it without moving his eyes. Then he stopped four strings with his long fingers, and drew the horse-hair smartly over them with one rapid sweep, producing a rich chord in a minor key.

A slight shiver passed over his frame as the notes were struck, and the look of concentration upon his face, changed to one of horror; but he did not cease. Slowly drooping his gaze, the performer met the gibing glance of the scroll-face, and though his own countenance blanched, and his lips tightened, as if to suppress a cry, the bow was raised again, and the violin spoke.

Did the demon whisper to those moving, nervous fingers? It almost seemed to be doing so; and surely such a melody as came from the instrument was born of no human mind. It was slow and measured, but no solemnity was suggested; it thrilled the frame, but with terror, not delight; it was a chain of sounds, which like a sick man's passing fancy, slipped out of the memory as soon as it was evolved, and was incapable of being recalled.

Slowly, when the last strains were lost, the great violinist dropped both arms to his side, and stood for a few moments, grasping violin and bow, without speaking. There were drops of perspiration on his forehead, and he was pale and weary-looking; when he spoke, it was in a faint voice, and he seemed to address himself to something invisible.

"I cannot endure it now," he said. "I will play again to-night."

"Do you wish to play on the instrument at this evening's concert, sir?" inquired the dealer, not without some astonishment at the choice, much as the performance had affected him.

"Yes—yes, of course!" was the reply, given with some irritability, the speaker having apparently roused himself from his semi-stupor.

As the dealer took back the fiddle, he chanced to turn it back uppermost. It was a curiously marked piece of wood, a black patch spreading over a large portion, and throwing an ugly blue upon the otherwise exquisite purfling.

"See!" gasped the artist, pointing a shaking finger at this blotch, and clutching at the shopkeeper's shoulder. "Blood!"

"Good gracious!" ejaculated the other, shrinking back in alarm. "Are you ill, sir?"

"Blood, blood!" repeated the half-demented musician, and he staggered out of the shop.

* * * * * *

It was night, and the concert-room was crowded to excess. The performers upon the platform, accustomed as they were to such sights, could not but gaze with interest at the restless sea of eager, expectant faces which stretched before them.

That indescribable noise, a multitude of subdued murmurs, accompanied by the discordant scraping of strings, and blowing of reeds, was at its height; now and then a loud trombone would momentarily assert itself, or an oboe's plaintive notes would rise above the tumult; and, in short, the moment of intense excitement which immediately precedes the entrance of the conductor was at hand.

Suddenly, the long-continued confusion ceased, and, for an incalculably short space of time, silence reigned. Then a storm of deafening applause burst forth; necks were craned, and eyes strained in vain attempts to catch an early glimpse of the great violinist who was to open the concert by playing a difficult Concerto of Spohr.

It was noticed, that as the virtuoso followed the gray-haired conductor to the centre of the platform, he was unusually pale; and those who were seated at no great distance from the orchestra, observed also that he carried a curious violin, instead of the Stradivarius upon which he was wont to perform.

A tap on the conductor's desk, a short, breathless silence, and the sweet strains of the opening bars issued from the instruments of a hundred able musicians.

The soloist, with a sinking at the heart which he could scarcely account for, raised the violin to his shoulder, and saw, for the first time, that it had been re-strung. As he invariably left stringing and tuning to others, this would appear to have been a matter of no moment, and yet it had a strange effect upon him. Again that shudder passed through his body, and again he unwillingly met the glance of those diabolical eyes upon the scroll. Horror of horrors! was the face alive, or was he going mad?

The band, which had swelled out to a loud forte, now dropped to a pianissimo. The moment had arrived. Herr S—— raised his bow, and commenced the lovely adagio.

What had come to him? Where were the concert room, the orchestra, the anxious crowd of people? What sounds were these? This was not Spohr, this sweet melody so like, and yet so unlike the weird music which he had played in the dealer's shop. What subtle magic had so acted upon those strains that their horror, their cruel mockery had entirely vanished, and sweet, pure harmony alone remained?

It seemed to the player that he stood within a small, but comfortably furnished room. Two figures were in the room, those of a beautiful young girl, and of a dark, handsome, foreign-looking man.

There was something in the face of the latter which vividly recalled the face upon the scroll, and, strange to say, a counterpart of the violin itself rested under the man's chin.

The girl was seated at a harpsichord, and, as she played, her companion accompanied her upon his strange instrument. From the costume of both, the dreamer concluded that they were phantoms of a hundred years ago.

"Ernestine," the man was saying, in a low voice, as he passed his bow over the strings, "tell me to-night that you have not dismissed me for ever. I can wait for your love."

"It was useless," replied the girl—"oh, it is quite useless! Why importune me further? I could never love you, even if I were not already promised to another."

A savage light gleamed in the man's eye, and more than ever he looked like the face on the violin; but he did not immediately reply, and the music went on.

"You tell me it is useless," he said, at length, "and I tell you that it is useless. Useless for you to think of him. Do you hear?" he continued, lowering his violin, and leaning towards her. "You shall never marry him; I swear it by my soul."

The girl shrank from him, and the music ceased. Though he did not know it, the dreaming violinist had reached the conclusion of the adagio movement. He did not hear the deafening plaudits which greeted the fall of his bow; he knew nothing of the enthusiasm of the orchestra, or the praise of the conductor; he heard no more music.

Look! what is this? The girl has seated herself upon a couch, and her lover, his violin still in his left hand, is kneeling at her feet, passionately imploring her to listen. She expostulates for awhile, then repulses him and rises. A malignant fire darts from the furious foreigner's eyes; something bright gleams in his hand; he rushes forward, raises his arm to strike——

* * * * * *

The presto movement had commenced, and an extraordinary circumstance soon made itself apparent to the audience. The violinist was running away with the band. Greatly to the horror of the conductor, the tempo had to be increased until a prestissimo was reached. Still the performer was not satisfied, there seemed no limit to his powers to-night; his fingers literally flew up and down the finger-board; his bow shot to-and-fro with incredible swiftness; and yet the music grew quicker, quicker, until the unhappy conductor, who with difficulty pulled along the toiling band, felt that a fiasco was inevitable.

On, on rushed the fingers and the bow, faster, and faster still; a few of the bandsmen fell off from sheer exhaustion, and stared, horror-stricken at the mad violinist. Some of the listeners rose in alarm, and many were only detained, by extreme anxiety, from bursting into loud and frantic applause.

Suddenly, with the loud snap of a string, the spell was broken. The orchestra, unable now to proceed, stopped in utter confusion, and a loud sigh of released suspense went up from thousands of throats. Then the whole mass rose in sudden horror, as the violinist dropped his instrument with a crash upon the platform, stared wildly around, clasped a hand to his side, and, with a strange cry, fell to the ground insensible.

* * * * * *

For weeks the great violinist lay between life and death; then nature reasserted herself, and he recovered. But it was long, very long, ere he could again appear in public; whilst strange and mysterious influence. It had been hopelessly shattered in that last night of its performance, which had well-nigh proved fatal to the world famed player.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The steady increase in the use of steel over iron may be realized from a glance at railway statistics. In 1880, of the 115,647 miles of railroad in the United States, 81,967 miles, or 70.9 per cent., were laid with iron tracks. In 1893, 191,857 miles of road were equipped with steel out of a total mileage of 229,012 the percentage being 83.8.

A few days since a full grown goat was quietly browsing on the shore of Star Lake, at Palmetto Beach, Florida, when a large alligator, fully ten feet long, was seen by several persons to suddenly emerge from the reeds, and with one stroke of his ponderous jaw bite the goat in half. He disappeared for a few minutes and was seen to rise again and take the other half of the animal that had been left on the shore.

A New York cat had quite an experience the other day. It was sitting on a fourth-story window sill, when the window was closed behind it, leaving it in its perilous position. Its cries brought to the neighborhood all the cats in the vicinity, and they sat on the pavement looking up at their quondom companion, mingling their cries with hers. When she was finally rescued her claws were found deeply buried in the old and half-rotten wood.

The prejudice of the Chinese against railroads in their country is well illustrated by the difficulties which attended the building of the present road from Tien-Tsin to the sea. It was at first a tram line, but an enterprising engineer put an engine on it, and a few years ago succeeded in inducing the Mandarins to be conveyed by the steam monster. It finally attracted Viceroy Li's attention, and little by little was extended stealthily until it at last reached Tien-Tsin.

To the carelessness of a grocer two New York babies probably owe their lives. For the first time in two years when evening came he neglected to pull up his awning which hung over his show window. During the night the store caught fire, and the flames spread so rapidly that two babies sleeping on the third floor had to be thrown from the window, in the hope that they would be caught by the crowd below. The awning, however softened their fall, and they were rescued in safety.

Some amateur vocalists in Paris, who had a curiosity to know something of the profits of the street singers, recently adopted a novel way of finding out. Disguised in dilapidated clothes, one posing as an Arab, they made the tour of the grand boulevards, singing before the cafes, and in one day cleared 121 francs ($24), to which they added another 63 francs ($12) the same night by taking in the Latin quarter. Their stock in trade was a Gascon song, which the public took for a native Arab air, and a sentimental French ballad.

The Westminster Gazette calls attention to the fact, upon the authority of Consul General Patrick Collins, that negroes are flocking to England in great numbers. The steamship companies confirm Mr. Collins' statements, and add that nearly all the wealthy colored folks are sending their sons to study law, medicine or art in London. Most of these people are West Indian negroes and not Afro-Americans. The wealthy Afro-Americans send their sons to be educated at Harvard, Yale and Oberlin, and only in isolated cases do they send them to Europe.

Antonio Cerevas, a noted scientist, has just reached Oaxaca, Mexico, from the State of Tobasco where he has discovered some of the most wonderful and most interesting ruins yet found in Mexico, while exploring a wild and wooded district in the valley of the San Pedro river. In that State he came upon an ancient, deserted village, which is surrounded by 18 pyramids. These pyramids are 18 meters high, and are constructed of brick and stone. Mr. Cerevas has returned to civilization for the purpose of organizing a company to make further explorations of the ruins.

Henry E. Abbey says that in the 28 weeks of Henry Irving's last tour in this country the receipts were $725,000, almost touching $4000 one night, and aggregating $61,400 for 14 performances in San Francisco. He took in $40,038 for two weeks of Bernhardt in the same city, and $43,884 for nine of her appearances in Boston. During the six and a half months of the spectacle "America," in Chicago, at Fair time, the income was $1,000,000 and the outgo only a little more than $100,000. Mr. Abbey says he has paid to Patti and Bernhardt over $1,000,000 each. The salary of Lillian Russell under her present contract is $1500 a week.

On the late visit of Prince Bismarck to the Emperor, the latter called the attention of the ex Chancellor to the improvements made in the boots of Prussian infantry. This consisted in the displacement of the old-fashioned steel nails by nails from aluminum, which is much lighter and more durable. The extra weight under the sole of the foot imposed by the heavy nails formerly worn, and the added weight consequent upon the clogging mud in nasty weather, made a great and needless extra amount of muscular expenditure necessary. The new arrangement will permit of longer and better marching, with fresher troops at the end of the day.

MINES OF WOOD.—A curious sources of wealth is reported by the French Consul at Mongize, in upper Tonquin. It lies in wood mines. The wood originally was a pine forest, which the earth swallowed in some cataclysm. Some of the trees are a yard in diameter. They lie in a slanting direction, and in sandy soils which cover them to a depth of about eight yards. As the top branches are well preserved, it is thought the geological convulsion which buried them cannot be of great antiquity. The wood furnished by these timber mines is imperishable, and the Chinese gladly buy it for coffins. Along the coast regions of some parts of New Jersey there are trunks of cypress trees, deeply buried in the sand, the recovery of which forms a valuable industry, the timber being used for making shingles.

PATENTS

NOTICE TO INVENTORS.

There was never a time in the history of our country when the demand for inventions and improvements in the arts and sciences generally was so great as now. The conveniences of mankind in the factory and work-shop, the household, on the farm, and in official life, require continual accessions to the appurtenances and implements of each in order to save labor, time and expense. The political change in the administration of government does not affect the progress of the American inventor, who being on the alert, and ready to perceive the existing deficiencies, does not permit the affairs of government to deter him from quickly conceiving the remedy to overcome existing discrepancies. Too great care can not be exercised in choosing a competent and skillful attorney to prepare and prosecute an application for patent. Valuable interests have been lost and destroyed in innumerable instances by the employment of incompetent counsel, and especially is this advice applicable to those who adopt the "No patent, no pay" system. Inventors who entrust their business to this class of attorneys do so at imminent risk, as the breadth and strength of the patent is never considered in view of a quick endeavor to get an allowance and obtain the fee then due. THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY, John Wedderburn, General Manager, 618 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C., representing a large number of important daily and weekly papers, as well as general periodicals of the country, was instituted to protect its patrons from the unsafe methods heretofore employed in this line of business. The said Company is prepared to take charge of all patent business entrusted to it for reasonable fees, and prepares and prosecutes applications generally, including mechanical inventions, design patents, trade-marks, labels, copyrights, interferences, infringements, validity reports, and gives especial attention to rejected cases. It is also prepared to enter into competition with any firm in securing foreign patents.

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Our Young Folks.

"WHO'LL BUY?"

BY A. L. D.

ROB'S home was one of a cluster of white-faced cottages, which formed part of a little fishing-village on the west coast of England.

His story begins on a wild day, when the wind blew and the big waves threw spray over the cliffs—a day when his mother sat in her cottage crying, and he did not know why until Jim Trevor came in and told him.

Jim was a big man, with merry blue eyes—they were grave enough that day—a brown face, and a curling beard, which many years of sun, wind, and water had bleached. He was a fisherman, and the mate of Rob's father—a fisherman, too. Between them they owned a smack—the Bonny Kate.

It was Jim who told Rob what had happened—told him that the cruel gray waves had taken away his father. When Rob knew that he would never see his father again, would never again go out in the boat with him and Jim, he felt very sad—so sad, indeed, that he thought he would never be really happy or give a hearty laugh any more.

But this is not a manly feeling, as Rob soon saw. What he had to do was done: to help mother now father was gone.

She had to work very hard at lace-making to earn enough money to keep them. Nearly every woman made lace in that little fishing-village, but Rob's mother the most beautiful of all. There were collars, and cuffs, and handkerchiefs of it, all spread out daintily on a board covered with black velvet, which was propped up in the cottage window. But being such fairy-like work, it took so much time and care to set the stitches, and she did not make so very much by her labor, after all.

He must certainly help mother, thought Rob as he watched her dear tired face bending over the lace, and saw her twinkling needle in her patient fingers.

He thought about it a long time. At last he hit on a plan which seemed really good.

"I'm going to take father's place," he told her confidently, a little later on. "You work too hard. You want a man to look after you. I'm almost a man. I'll be one quite soon, if I keep on growing—you said so yourself when you joined a bit on to my sleeves the other day."

"You're growing fast and strong, too," said his mother; "but you're only ten, Rob, after all."

She pulled him to her and kissed him; then she held him a little way off and looked at him proudly. Mothers always are proud; and he really was a handsome boy, as you could see by a picture, besides something that is much better.

"And," she went on, "you can't be like father for years. Only men go fishing; and even if you were able, the Bonny Kate is at the bottom of the sea."

"I can't catch fish yet," said Rob eagerly, "but I can sell them. I've settled it. Jim Trevor's going to help me. I'll sell for him and the other men. When the people here have bought all they want, I'll take some to the other villages."

From that day, whenever there was a good haul, Rob was first on the beach, and later on the street would ring with his clear, shrill voice—

"Who'll buy? Fresh fish! Who'll buy?"

Now, wonderful to say, everyone bought. Was not that good fortune for Rob?

Some of the people really did not want fish much, but Rob's face was so coaxing and his fish so tempting, that they really could not help themselves. It always seemed—though that must have been fancy—that Rob's mackerel, for instance, had more beautiful scales than any other seller's. So he did not do so badly, from the very start; and in a year or two Rob did a regular round in the neighborhood, and could reckon on quite a lot of customers.

It was just when things were so flourishing that something happened which quite altered Rob's life.

There was a gentleman staying in the village—for his health, so it was said. It was said, too, that he was a merchant, and very rich. That might be. It did not concern Rob much. He was so full of business that he hardly noticed the gentleman, except to pity him, because his face was so yellow and anxious-looking.

But one morning, when he was toiling up the beach with his basket, the gentleman, who had often bought fish, and always nodded a kindly "Good-day" when they met, stopped him, asked him a string of questions, and ended by going home to see his mother, of whom he bought some lace, and with whom he had a long talk.

The truth was that he had taken a great fancy to Rob, and offered, as he put it, to give him a start in life.

"And perhaps make your fortune," said Rob's mother when they were alone, and she told him all about it. "It's a splendid thing, sure; but how I shall miss you, lad!"

"London's the place, and you are the sort of boy to get on," the merchant told Rob on the day he took him away. "Work hard, stick to your desk; you'll be a rich man some day."

"As rich as you, sir?" cried Rob, who did not care for himself—he had small use for silver, much less for gold—but who thought of the wonders he might do for his mother.

"Richer, perhaps. You might even rise to be Lord Mayor: duller lads have. And think of the good you might do then."

Now, Rob had never heard of the Lord Mayor, so this splendid prospect did not impress him as it might have done. He had no idea what London was like, nor what sticking at a desk meant—though he soon learnt.

The merchant, having first found out that he could write and cipher very nicely, had arranged to take him into his own office, and lodge him with the housekeeper, who lived at the top of the big house in the City where the office was. This, so most boys would think, was much nicer than selling fish. Rob tried—he did try hard—to think so, too. But he could not. So, being a boy who must speak his mind at any cost, it happened that one morning he got up from his stool in the outer office, and tapped at the door of the merchant's private room.

When he went in, he was asked—impatiently, but not unkindly—what he wanted.

"To speak to you, please, sir, if you've time."

"I never have much time in business hours. But if you have anything important to say, let me know what it is as quickly as you can."

"That, sir, if you won't think me ungrateful—which indeed I'm not—I want to go home."

"Go home?" cried the merchant, jumping in his chair and looking cross, Rob thought; "what for?"

"It's like this, sir," he answered a little nervously: "mother——"

"Does not wish to ruin your chances in life."

"Not she, sir. But I can tell by her letters, though she never says it right out, that she's fretting. You give me good wages—more than I deserve—and she's glad of them; but she'd rather, sir, do with a little less money and have a little more of me. I'm all she's got, you see, since father went," concluded Rob apologetically.

"Is that all you want to say?"

"A little more, sir. London's a fine big place, to be sure, but there doesn't seem room enough in it, because of the houses and horses and people, and all that. At home, too, there's the taste of the salt in your mouth; here it's only smoke."

Rob was almost crying between his longing to be home again—home to the boats, the shingle, the nets straining with fish, the steep stony street—and his fear of hurting the merchant's feelings.

He stopped speaking, hoping for some encouraging words.

But the merchant simply said, without lifting his eyes from his papers—

"Anything else?"

"Only the clothes, sir." Rob touched his jacket sleeve gingerly. "They are too good for common wear. I'm afraid I'll spoil them. And they're tight." He wriggled impatiently. "Oh, I'd rather have a blue jersey any day!"

"Well, you may go home, if you wish; but you will never have such a chance of getting on in life again."

"I suppose not, sir"—Rob's face clouded; "but I'd like to go back, all the same, and I don't think mother will blame me. There's no fear of me forgetting your kindness; and if you're ever our way again, sir, you shall have the best basket of fish to be caught in the sea, sir."

That is how Rob's life in London ended. Some of you may say he was silly; but his mother didn't when she put her arms round him again in the queer little white cottage, and the neighbors didn't when he came up the street again with his shining fish and his cheery "Who'll buy? Who'll buy?" And the merchant didn't, in reality.

The good man presently gave Rob a beautiful fishing smack and new nets, on the understanding that Jim Trevor shall manage it for him and take half profits until he is grown up.

So, you see, after all, Rob may make his fortune yet—that is, as fortunes go in fishing-villages.

CONSOLATION FOR A MINISTER.—A story is told concerning the first meeting which Mr. "Dick" Parsons of Cleveland had with President Lincoln. Mr. Parsons and Senator Sherman were great friends, and Mr. Sherman had secured for Mr. Parsons the appointment of Minister to a South-American State. Mr. Parsons always took great pride in his personal appearance, and it was with extra care that he prepared for his meeting with the President. Knowing Lincoln's utter disregard for form and ceremony, Mr. Sherman was greatly amused, wondering how his friend would appear in the presence of the Chief Executive of the nation. After the first words of greeting, President Lincoln turned to Mr. Sherman and began talking to him on current topics, while Mr. Parsons was collecting his thoughts. His attire was faultless, and was the object of many glances from the President, who, while not pretending to do so, was watching him closely. When the opportunity offered, Mr. Parsons, in his elegant and polished way, expressed his thanks to Mr. Lincoln for the honor which had been conferred upon him by his being selected to represent America in a foreign country. In conclusion, he said something about the climate "over there" being much warmer than that in which he resided, and that he had been told that the change would very likely affect his health. "Well, Mr. Parsons," replied Mr. Lincoln, when he had finished, "if you do die over there, you will leave a mighty good suit of clothes."

DANIEL O'CONNELL.—Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish orator, when taking a ride in the neighborhood of his house, had occasion to ask an urchin to open a gate for him. The little fellow complied with much alacrity, and looked up with such honest pleasure at rendering the slight service that O'Connell, by way of saying something, asked,

"What is your name, my boy?"

"Daniel O'Connell, sir," replied he stoutly.

"And who's your father?" demanded the astonished Liberator.

"Daniel O'Connell, sir."

O'Connell muttered a word or two, and then added aloud,

"When I see you again, I'll give you sixpence."

Riding on briskly, he soon forgot the incident, and fell to thinking of graver matters, when, after traveling some miles, he found his path obstructed by some fallen timber, which a boy was stoutly endeavoring to remove. On looking more closely, he discovered it to be the same boy he had met in the morning.

"What," cried he—"how do you come to be here now?"

"You said, sir, the next time you seen me you'd give me sixpence," said the little fellow, wiping the perspiration from his brow.

"Here it is," said Daniel; "you are my son—never a doubt of it!"

WHAT HE KNEW.—A Portuguese boy in a Malacca public school was told to write a composition telling all he knew about the English. This is what he wrote, the spelling being amended except in the one marvelous word "docut," which means dog-cart—"English is very proud and very white. They are mostly governors, schoolmasters, policemen, magistrates, and a few are lawyers and doctors and banks and many other things. They never work. They wear hats and boots, and ride in docuts. Some English goes to church, but only once. They are clever tennis and ball games, and drinks much brandy and other things. Some are married. They eat a much quantity of many things. One of their great delights smoking cigars and shooting and raining coming home in it. English is clever at all things. My father says Portuguese is black and ugly, and catch fish; but English is white and pretty, and eats fish what is caught. Father is black and ugly, but making nets. English is very fierce. If anybody does something, they swear dam. English women is few. They ride and play the music and sing and make faces. It is easy no work nor little houses. I don't know any more English. That is all I know."

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

There are only about 10,000 foreigners in Japan

It is said that Paderewski, the pianist, made $250 000 while in the United States.

Massachusetts is first in fisheries, second in commerce, and third in manufactures and printing.

Over 90,000,000 lobsters were bred and let loose this season at Woods' Holl, Mass., by the Federal Fish Commissioners.

There is a horse belonging to the New Haven Police Department which enjoys nothing so much as chewing tobacco.

A Georgia boy, thought to be lost, was found on the banks of a river, where he had been fishing steadily for three days.

The Roman catacombs are 580 miles in extent, and it is estimated that from 6,000,000 to 15,000 000 dead are there interred.

Over 3 000 000 acres in Dakota have been irrigated, thereby increasing the value of the land from $77,000,000 to $300,000 000.

Twenty years ago Southern planters paid men to haul away cotton seed and burn it. Now they get from $6 to $8 a ton for it.

In the pharmacies of Paris one sees the largest cats in the world—in fact, the cat is about the only pet a druggist can have.

There's a colored man in the entering class this year at the Boston Public Latin School, and what's more, his name is Whiteman

A Russian physician has recently declared that 40 per cent. of all human beings die prematurely of preventable infectious diseases

A New York man owns two large watch-dogs who have a strange antipathy to brass buttons, and who will jump at any person wearing them

The biggest price ever paid for a picture in a London auction room was $50,000, which was realized lately for Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait of a lady.

According to the census the number of American-born people in New York city outnumber the foreign-born population by nearly a quarter of a million.

It is stated that in this country there are now in daily service 600,000 telephones, with 800,000 miles of wire, over which 600,000,000 messages are annually sent.

In the belfry of the old parish church at Bury, England, the curfew that tolled the knell of parting day 300 years ago is still in place, and is still rung every night at sunset.

The city of New York, in which there dwelt in 1865 only 51,000 native-born voters to 77,000 foreign born voters, now reports 180,000 native voters to 220,000 naturalized foreigners.

The walking-leaf insect is a curious example of tropical life, allied to the locust, which so resembles a leaf that the closest scrutiny generally fails to detect the imposture.

So far the bicycle leads the trotting and pacing scores, having a record of 1.57 for the mile, while Robert J., the pacer, shows a speed of 201 and a fraction for the same distance.

The pressure per square inch upon the body of every animal that lives at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean is about 25 times greater than the pressure that will drive a railway train.

James E. Kelly, a young sculptor, whose statues have given him a name, is a member of the Seneca tribe. His Indian cognomen is Geniaqaw, meaning a pale face without a wife

A monster sturgeon, weighing 1440 pounds, was taken from the Caspian Sea recently, and subsequently sold at Astrakhan. The head of the fish alone is reported to have weighed 288 pounds.

Among the features placed on exhibition in the town hall of Wakefield, Mass., recently by the Wakefield Agricultural and Horticultural Society were a squash weighing 75 pounds and a cabbage weighing 34 pounds 4 ounces.

A young Swede was induced to join the A. R. U prior to the strike, and lost his job. Subsequently he was solicited by a local committee to join the Y. M. C. A., but he flatly refused, for the reason that it might bring on another strike.

"Cases of elevator sickness are on the increase," said Dr. E. C. Knowlton, of Chicago. "When physicians first began to claim that there was such a thing as elevator sickness their statements were usually discredited, but it is now becoming well defined. Its effects are found in an increased number of cases of brain fever and disordered nervous systems."

A Nebraska express wagon driver has clothed his mules' fore legs in trousers. "In speaking of it," says the Nebraska State Journal, "he said that flies bothered the fore legs of a four-footed animal more than they did the hind limbs, and he, therefore, having some respect for the comfort of his faithful servants, had made a pair of trousers to protect them from the pests. The trousers were supported by suspenders passed over the backs of the animals."

AT LOVE'S SHRINE.

BY W. W. LORD.

A dark despair of grief divine
In vigil lone I keep,
Before the holy shrine of love,
In silence vast and deep.

The world has faded from my sight,
I stand here one apart;
And night and day I pleading pray—
Love, give me back my heart!

SLEEPING PLANTS.

The Sleep of Plants is so conspicuous a phenomenon that it excited discussion and speculation as early as the time of Pliny, and many explanations were given, which science has since disproved. The drooping of the leaves was attributed by some botanists to an aversion to moisture, a theory which had to be abandoned when such movements were made on cloudy days and dewless nights.

The clover tribe, which always close their leaves at night, revel in rain; and nasturtiums will go through a day of tempestuous weather without showing any inclination to change their position.

Linnæus was the first to give to the subject special study and scientific research. Whilst watching the progress of some plants of lotus, he began that series of observations upon which his great work 'Sleep of Plants' is based. He found that nocturnal changes are determined by temperature and the daily alternations of light and darkness; movement is not actually caused by darkness, but by the difference in the amount of light the plant receives during the night and day.

Many plants, notably the nasturtium, unless brightly illumined in the day, will not sleep at night. If two plants were brought into the centre of a room, one from the open air and the other from a dark corner, the neutral light which would cause the former to droop its leaves, would act as a stimulant upon the latter.

That nocturnal changes are necessary to the life of some plants, Darwin has proved by a number of skilful experiments. He found that leaves fixed in such a way as to be compelled to remain horizontal at night, suffered much more injury from cold and dew than those allowed to assume their natural nocturnal positions, and in some cases lost color, and died in a few days.

However different attitudes plants take in the day, they have, with a few exceptions, this point in common—at night, the upper surfaces of their leaves avoid the zenith, and come as closely as possible in contact with the opposite leaves. The object gained is, undoubtedly, protection for the upper surfaces from being chilled by radiation.

There is nothing strange in the under parts of the leaf needing less protection, as they differ widely in function and structure. It is this radiation of heat which the peasants of Southern Europe fear, more than cold winds, for their olives, and which induces gardeners to cover seedlings with thin layers of straw and spread fir branches over the wall fruit-trees.

In the case of some plants, when the leaves droop and fold together, the petiole or leaf-stalk rises, thus making the plant more compact, and exposing a smaller surface to radiation. The tobacco plant does not droop its leaves, but folds them round the stalk, presenting much the appearance of a furled umbrella.

The drooping of foliage leaves has another use besides the prevention of excessive radiation; by this means the tissues bearing chlorophyll—the green coloring-matter of plants—is preserved from injury. A low temperature destroys the normal condition of chlorophyll, a fact to which the autumnal coloring of foliage is attributable.

Whilst foliage seems most affected by alternations of light and darkness, blossoms are most sensitive to changes of temperature. The marigold will expand its petals, in dry weather, between six and eight o'clock in the morning, and close between four and six o'clock in the afternoon; but in rainy weather, or under cloudy skies, it remains closed.

The sensitive plant not only shuts spontaneously at sunset, but will do so whenever the temperature of the surrounding air rises above fifteen degrees Centigrade; and fifty-two degrees Centigrade causes permanent loss of motility and death. The crocus is essentially a morning flower, and closes soon after mid-day; whilst some plants—among them the evening primrose and some forms of campion—expand only in the evening or during the night. Wood-sorrel has been found to assume 'an attitude of sleep' in direct sunlight.

Thus the sleep of flowers is by no means strictly nocturnal, but may be largely attributed to the laws governing pollination. The petals fold to protect the stamens and other sensitive parts of the blossoms from excessive cooling and wetting; and open to gain the benefits of light and warmth and the aid of insects in the dispersal of pollen.

OF A QUEER KIND.—Many are the uses to which the cactus is put, but one of the queerest is that which prevails sometimes in Cape Town, where cactus leaves are made to serve the purpose of visiting cards. It might occur to the reader that a package of thick leaves covered with prickly spines would not be easily accommodated in an ordinary card-case.

The leaves of the special kind of cactus used for this purpose are not very prickly, however; and furthermore, these unique cards are not carried about, but are left growing on the plant, which stands at the foot of the front steps.

When a lady calls, she has only to take a hat-pin from her bonnet and scratch her name on the glossy surface of one of the leaves, while a gentleman accomplishes the same end with his sharp penknife. The lines thus scratched turn silver white, and remain clear and distinct on the leaf for years.

On New Year's Day these cactus cards are particularly convenient, and popular hostesses occasionally appropriate a large branch of their cactus plant to the registry of visits received on that day.

HE: "Now that we are engaged, I must know if any one ever kissed you before." She: "Oh, George, how can you doubt me? I bring you a heart as fresh and ardent as your own." And George doesn't know whether to be satisfied or not.

Grains of Gold.

Every man is serving some kind of a master.

There is no room for a growler anywhere.

The words of the wise always mean something.

We cannot sow bad seed and reap a good harvest.

Turn a bee loose in the desert, and it will look for flowers first thing.

A genius is a man who does something that others say cannot be done.

There is no way of getting children to be good like showing them how.

He who would be a great soul in the future must be a great soul now.

A great many people are anxious to feel right who are not willing to do right.

If there is wickedness in the heart, it is sure sooner or later to get into the conduct.

Real wealth does not consist in the things that the world can give, but in those that it cannot take away.

The man who is habitually just in all ways is habitually cheerful and happy. The serenity and glow of a calm summer day pervade his life.

Make your mistakes teach you something. There is something wrong with the man's head who falls down on the same banana skin twice.

There are two modes of establishing our reputation; to be praised by honest men and be abused by rogues. It is best, however, to secure the former, because it will invariably be accompanied by the latter.

Femininities.

The happiest women, like the happiest nations, have no history.

A sister of the late Mr. Spurgeon preached twice recently in London.

Queen Victoria possesses a walking-stick that was owned by Charles II.

The humorist's daughter, Miss Clara Clemens, is said to be of the opinion that her father's books are a bore.

A Kentucky woman recently defended herself and children against armed burglars for more than an hour, until assistance arrived.

"Is marriage a failure?" "Well," responded Mrs. X., thoughtfully, "I think husbands are nicer than cats, but not so nice as pugs."

Charlotte, the widow of Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, has been insane ever since the tragic death of her husband. She is now 54 years old.

Unless a variety of opinions are laid before us, we have no opportunity of selection; the purity of gold cannot be ascertained by a single specimen.

Henry Cornwall, of Mount Pleasant, Michigan, sold his wife for $10 recently. After a few days the wife came back and was sold again to another purchaser for $15.

Little girl: "Did you ever dream of being in heaven?" Little boy: "No, not exactly; but I dreamed once that I was right in the middle of a big apple dumpling."

Confidential friend, rushing in: "Oh, Madeline, the hour is long passed, and the bridegroom has not arrived." Madeline: "Well, thank heaven, my dress got here!"

"Clara, who do you like the best, your father or your mother?" "My mother, of course! I don't think much of fathers anyhow. They're only relations by marriage."

Exceptional case: "I told my friend, Emma, under promise of the strictest secresy, that I am engaged to the lieutenant, and the spiteful thing actually kept the secret.

A 12-year-old New York girl tried to commit suicide, on a recent Sunday, by swallowing a dose of carbolic acid. The police say she is the youngest person ever held on that charge.

It is said that an electrical apparatus for cooking purposes has been installed at Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, and that by its aid the more delicate dishes will be prepared for Queen Victoria.

A loving couple in the interior of New York, failing to gain the consent of their parents to their marriage, rode a distance of 30 miles on bicycles to the nearest clergyman, where the knot was tied.

Mrs. Ludlow: "Marie, are you quite sure that the water is the right temperature for baby's bath?"

Marie: "Oh, yes; sure, I always know, ma'am. If it's too hot he'll turn red, and if it's too cold he'll turn blue."

Old Gravely: "If you do not care to be my wife, perhaps the prospects of being a rich young widow might tempt you."

Minute, eagerly: "Oh, Mr. Gravely! If I were only sure I could trust you!"

At the Hygienic Congress just held in Budapest the fact was brought to light that stammering is far more common among men than women, the proportion of male to female stammerers being almost four to one.

Its mother: "Oh, John! John! What shall we do" Baby has swallowed his rattle!"

Its father: "Dot Nothing! Now he'll have it with him all the time and we won't have to be forever hunting it up when he cries."

Corean women carry the children on their backs like the Japanese, and their system is a simple one. The child rests on a strap of cloth, the ends of which go over the mother's shoulder and cross her breast; the child's legs cling around her waist.

A widower at Rondout, N. Y., aged 80 years, was married a day or two ago to a woman of 22. As a romantic incident of this wedding, it is stated that the bride was first introduced to the groom by the latter's son, who at the time was in love with her.

There is a Spanish proverb that "on Tuesday one should neither travel nor marry;" and this superstition is so ingrained in the Spanish mind that even in Madrid there are never any weddings on Tuesday, and the trains are almost deserted by native travelers.

An Ohio woman has not left her bed for the past four years, and, although repeatedly told by physicians that she is perfectly well, she believes that she is suffering from a fatal malady. Though perfectly strong she insists upon being carried from place to place, and expects her death to occur at any moment.

A woman living in Columbus, Ohio, has filed a suit for divorce against her husband on extraordinary grounds. The man has the contract from the city to remove carcasses of dead animals found on the streets. His wife asserts in her petition that after hauling these detestable cargoes he eats his meals without washing his hands. She thinks that in consequence of this he is too filthy to live with, and wants an absolute decree.

Masculinities.

The man who is constantly thinking evil finds a thousand ways to speak it.

Charles Johnson, a 13-year-old negro preacher, is causing a sensation in Atlanta, Ga.

There are about 10 Afro-American lawyers in New York, 13 in Boston and more than 25 in Chicago.

Watts: "By the way, who was the patron saint of fishermen?"

Wiggles: "Dunno. It isn't Ananias, is it?"

A Georgia negro, who was recently shocked by lightning, becomes temporarily insane at the approach of every thunderstorm.

It was at the old Court House, in Washington, Ky., that Mrs. Stowe first saw a auction and formed the idea of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

One of the most popular clergymen in Birmingham, England, is a negro—Rev. Peter Stanford, Pastor of the Wilberforce Memorial Church.

Willie Jones, of Girardville, Pa., having lost his shin bones by blood poisoning, has been supplied by a surgeon with new ones of india rubber.

Probaby a majority of persons reading about the unveiling of a monument to Percy Bysshe Shelley, in Italy, gave the poet's middle name two syllables.

He: "Why will you treat me so coldly? Has your heart grown cold toward me?" She: "No, Harry, my heart is the same as ever. I have only changed my mind."

Societies pledged to do away with the custom of handshaking are being formed in Russian cities and towns. In this way they hope to shake various forms of dangerous ba-cilli.

A socialist in Northampton, England, recently notified the Poor Guardians of the town that he was about to commit suicide, provided they would guarantee him a decent funeral.

President Eliot, of Harvard, in a recent address, advised students to thus apportion their day: Study, ten hours; sleep, eight; exercise, two, social duties, one, and meals, three hours.

C. S. Bushnell, of Connecticut, who furnished the money necessary for the building of the Monitor and carried out in full the ideas of its inventor, John Ericsson, is still enjoying good health.

A policeman in Jersey City, finding a thief was getting away from him, jumped aboard a trolley car and, impressing it into the city's service, gave chase with it, and presently overhauled and captured his man.

In a current number of the "Forum" Dr. George F. Shrady says that Dimsdale, a prominent physician of London, was called vaccinate the Empress Catherine II. of Russia, in 1762. Jenner was then a lad of 11 years.

Oronyatekha, a Mohawk Indian, who lives in Toronto, draws $10,000 a year as a Supreme Officer of the Order of Foresters in Canada, and has an income as a practicing physician. He looks 45, and is suspected of being over 70.

Jeremiah Fisher has just resigned his position in the Carver Cotton Gin Company, of East Bridgewater, Mass., on account of failing eyesight. He is 96 years of age, and made the first gin ever manufactured in the works.

The most indefatigable stamp collector is probably Dr. Farrara, an Italian nobleman, who resides in Paris, and who keeps two clerks to look after his collection, which has an estimated value of $1,000,000 and cost him nearly half that sum.

A New York policeman had much difficulty in arresting a large woman the other day. She weighed nearly 300 pounds, and resisted all his efforts. Gradually, however, as he advanced upon her she would back away, and little by little in this manner he backed her to the station house.

"Darling," pleaded the college man, "won't you please fix the day; I am simply dying for the moment when I can call you my own!" "Very well," replied his fiancee, "suppose we say Thanksgiving day." "Great Scott," replied her lover, "are you crazy? That's football day!"

The average weight of the brain of an adult mind is three pounds eight ounces; of a female, two pounds four ounces. The nerves are all connected with it directly or by the spinal marrow. These nerves, with all their branches and minute ramifications, probably exceeds 10,000,000 in number.

"In assuming an alias, Captain Howgate did just what nearly all criminals who take new names do," remarked an old detective to a Washington Post man; "that is, used a part of his own name. When a man has to take an alias he must have a name which will come quickly to his tongue."

The determination of Secretary Lamont to have no soldiers even in the rank and file of the United States army who cannot read and write the English language is a commendable and thoroughly American aim. A soldier without the language of his nation is as unpatriotic as a man without a country.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

The art of renovation is just as important as dressmaking in its newer form. I yearn to converse of the elegancies and finishing touches of the trade, which may give fascinating employment to the matrons and maids whose fair forms these rejuvenated creations are destined to adorn. Viola! In this black satin dinner gown I find a fit subject for my discourage. The skirt is excellent. It needs but the addition of five well-padded rolls of satin to redate it 1894; but the pointed bodice, the huge revers, and high, stiff sleeves are quite without the pale of fashion. Bid your maid remove both sleeves and revers, and substitute shoulder straps and full, transparent sleeves of black striped gauze, and now the interesting part of the affair commences.

This shall be a dinner bodice, and the girdle and deep square yoke shall be formed of cut jet and jeweled passementerie. Any piece of wide jet trimming of well-marked design will serve our purpose, and this may be mounted on ribbon or left transparent, as best pleases your fancy. Sapphires and jet when mingled are most effective, and these jewels may be purchased by the hundred in a variety of sizes and shapes; or, should you prefer rubies, opals, moonstones, emeralds or turquoises, you may achieve them one and all, and that at small cost. A yard or two of commonplace jet passementerie when heavily jeweled provides a gorgeous bodice trimming. The gems should be sewn to the foundation in a bold design, and firmly secured with strong silk.

If old beaded trimmings are forthcoming to be unpicked, the new beads can be bought by the string or by the pound. Then your labors need not stop short at jet and jewel work, for a beautiful effect may be gained by a combination of sequins and gems mounted on ribbon, which should be lined primarily with two three thicknesses of stiff net. Let us imagine that the bodice we propose to adorn in this fashion is of white or pale hued silk, not in its first freshness. Drape its defects, then, in a mantle of charitable point de Venise lace, or accordion-kilted chiffon, and for yoke and waistband use a five inch white moire ribbon, bordered with a closely-sewn line of silver spangles. Embroider the remainder of the ribbon with daisies composed of the spangles, using a small colored jewel for the centre of each flower. If you find this rather too elaborate a design, edge the ribbon with narrow gold braid, dotted with stones set rather less than an inch apart. Silver and gold cord passementerie can also be enriched with jewels, and if this is tastefully done, the result is extremely good. Sequins and spangles also can be used with great effect. These glittering gauds are made in a great variety of colors, and may be blended to give a shot appearance.

A demode dinner gown of olive velvet, with a swathed bodice and puffed sleeves of like material, might well be brought up to date by the addition of transparent net sleeves, covered with a scale work of gold and copper spangles; draped revers of the same might be drawn into a pointed ceinture of the spangled work, and finished off with round padded "bosses," stiffened with cardboard, from which hang fringes of gold beads. When fixing spangles, I find it best to use a bead of the same color, and rather larger than the hole in the centre of the spangle, as this prevents the necessity of allowing the sewing silk to be seen.

Still another excellent manner of renovating a brocade bodice which is somewhat the worse for wear is to outline the design with tiny beads or narrow metal cord, filling in the flowers with jewels, spangles and beading. The work really takes less time than one would at first expect, and when completed amply repays the time and trouble expended. Pieces of silk net, or velvet for hat or bonnet crowns, can be daintily worked in the same manner; but in every case the art lies in the choosing of a bold, effective pattern, and in blending the colors carefully and, lastly, if you would save yourself much tribulation, I pray of you be careful to sew each jewel, each bead if possible, separately and with reliable silk.

A new autumn basque that is graceful and not at all masculine-looking has flat postillion backs falling about five-eighths of a yard on the skirt, while the front is in open Eton shape, finished with a double-breasted vest. There is still a great fancy for short jacket waists, the style even extending to those made of seal and other furs. Some have double-breasted fronts, and all have revers. Sleeves have even more material in them than they had last season, and they are considerably wider at the elbow.

There are many light and charming fabrics for evening, one of these being a fancy silk and wool barege in different combinations, such as white, gray and pink. These have been crepe in a quaint fashion not unlike a gauffre cake. For cheaper dresses Scotch tweeds and vicunas of mixed colorings are worn, but much prettier toilettes are made of fancy crepons with silk flowers.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Useful Hints.—Paint, however old and dry it may be, can be removed from carpets or draperies by a liberal use of chloroform. Saturate the spot, keep it closely covered for half an hour, then brush out. The liquid destroys the oil in the paint, leaving only a powder that usually comes out, leaving no stain unless on very delicate fabrics. In obstinate cases the application may need to be repeated several times. It will positively remove it if persisted in.

When you wish to use very dry bread for any purpose, soak it in cold milk or water instead of having them hot. The hot fluids seem to take the life out of dry bread and render it soggy; the cold soaking leaves it flaky.

The merest dash of cinnamon in a cup of chocolate after it is poured is said to add a piquant and undistinguishable flavor.

Milk, applied once a week with a soft cloth, freshens and preserves boots and shoes.

Canned sardines carefully browned on a double-wire gridiron, and served with lemon, are appetizing.

Canned tomatoes are more delicious baked than stewed. About 10 minutes before removing from the oven spread buttered bread crumbs over the top.

To keep irons from rusting wrap them in common brown paper and put away in a dry place. If they have become rusty they may be made smooth and bright by putting some white sand on a smooth board and rubbing the iron over it several times.

Children should have several hours of play every day in the open air, if possible. Vigorous and spontaneous action of this kind is better than gymnastics; and if girls were allowed by social custom to play as boys do they would cease to be subject to spinal deformities.

New shoes can be worn with comfort if they are stuffed to the shape of the foot with cloth or paper and patiently sponged with hot water. Or if they pinch in some particular spot, a cloth wet with hot water and laid across the place will cause immediate and lasting relief.

Lemon Pudding.—One-half pound of bread-crumbs, six ounces of suet, six ounces of sugar, the rind of a lemon, chopped fine, and the juice. Mix with two eggs, and boil two hours, in a buttered mould. Serve with or without wine sauce.

Cheese Biscuit.—Have a little puff or short paste ready, and sprinkle over it a little cayenne, and as much grated Parmesan cheese as the dough will take; double up the paste, roll it out rather thin, and cut it with a round paste-cutter, glaze with an egg, arrange on a floured tin, and bake in a sharp oven until of a light-yellow color.

Short Crust for Sweet Pastry.—Work very lightly a half-pound of butter into one pound of flour, breaking it quite small; add a little salt, two ounces of finely-powdered sugar, and sufficient milk to make it into perfectly smooth paste; bake it slowly and keep it pale.

Baked Apple Pudding.—Five moderate-sized apples, two tablespoonfuls of finely-chopped suet, three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of flour, one pint of milk, a little grated nutmeg. Mix the flour to a smooth batter with the milk; add the eggs, which should be well whisked and put the latter into a well-buttered pie dish. Wipe the apples clean, but do not pare them; cut them in halves, and take out the cores; lay them in the batter, rind uppermost; shake the suet on the top, over which also grate a little nutmeg; bake in a moderate oven for an hour, and cover, when served, with sifted loaf sugar. This pudding is also very good with the apples pared, sliced and mixed with the batter.

Orange Custard Fritters.—Break two and a half eggs into a stewpan, with half a pound of flour. Mix and pour in by degrees one pint of milk, and stir over the fire for 20 minutes, when the custard should have become smooth; take it off the fire and add two ounces of pounded sugar, half an ounce of grated orange peel, three yolks of eggs and a dust of salt. Mix these well together and spread the custard to one inch thickness on a slightly buttered baking sheet. When cold, cut it into pieces two inches by one inch and a quarter; dip the pieces in egg bread crumb, and fry them in a very hot fat till slightly colored; drain, sprinkle them with sugar and pile them up high on a fancy paper in a dish and serve.

A neglected cough may lead to consumption, therefore, take Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

INSTANCES OF IGNORANCE.

"Yes," recently said a druggist, who has a flourishing business in a densely-crowded quarter of London, to the writer, "I have some very remarkable experiences and a great many curious customers in the course of my usual business. Not so remarkable or so curious as the doctors have about here? On the contrary, I should say more so. Why? Because a good many people of a humble class don't like doctors—seem in awe of them and don't talk openly to them. But they don't mind the druggist—seem more on a familiar footing. And though a good many well-to-do people don't know it, there are many poor people who, putting aside the question of cost, have a great horror of doctors.

"That is to my profit, you think. Naturally, you do, nor do I deny it; but only to a very small extent. Any druggist who has a regard for himself, will invariably advise in any doubtful or serious case application to a medical man, which is always the safest course.

"Well, now you want to know the main characteristic of what I call my curious customers as distinguished from the average commonplace ones. Then in one word it is—ignorance. I do not mean, of course, ignorance of drugs and diseases—it would not do either for doctors or druggists if everybody were as learned as themselves. No; but I mean ignorance of the commonest things connected with medicines, illness, or anything of the kind.

"Well, here are some examples. A woman, well-dressed, and apparently intelligent, came into my shop and asked for an ounce of a particular preparation—harmless enough in proper proportions. She said her child of six years old was the patient. She paid for her medicine, turned to go, and then carelessly asked—

"'I'm not to give him all this, am I?'

"'Good gracious, no!' I replied. 'Read the directions: you must give half a teaspoonful at the outside.'

"Another woman—mind you, I am not speaking of young, apparently ignorant people — well-dressed, intelligent, and shrewd, as I should suppose, came in for some linseed. She said her husband had been ordered poultices for his chest. By which I suppose he was suffering from pleurisy or something like it. I supplied her with the linseed, remarking that it was a valuable thing, but must be applied as hot as possible. She answered—

"'Oh, he don't like drinking even his tea hot, so I shall let it cool.'

"'Let it cool!' I said, astonished. 'Why, it's for a hot poultice; this is linseed-meal you've got, not linseed!'

"'Isn't it all the same?' she said, quietly. 'I don't know how to make poultices, so I thought if I made him a basin of linseed-tea he could sip it while I was out. I've got my marketing to do.'

"Of course, I explained, whether effectively or not I don't know; but just picture it. The man ill from pleurisy, constant linseed meal poultices hot and hot ordered, and the wife calmly proposing to leave him to sip tepid linseed-tea while she went out in the usual way to do her marketing!

"By the way, ignorance of how to make a common poultice is one of the commonest things among my customers, and very often the kindly doctor—and most doctors, especially in working-class districts, are very good fellows—has to show how it's done. Then, again, some of 'em say they don't know how to make linseed tea" (of this the writer was himself a witness).

"Do you find," he asked, "that what are called old women's remedies—country traditional ones—are often asked for?"

"Yes," said the druggist, "and some of them would indeed astonish those who, not mingling with any class but their own, talk glibly about the spread of education. For instance, do you know that various mothers consider that a fried mouse is a better remedy than anything in my shop for whooping-cough? This is an old country tradition.

"But when a woman comes in and asks for ash shavings to make a decoction with, it rather puzzles you. Then on inquiry you find that passing children through trees when afflicted with some complaints is a very ancient rural remedy!

"Yes," said the writer, "White of Selborne mentions a row of ash trees which for centuries had been used there for such purposes."

"Very well. Then this woman, having no ash tree in London in whose cleft she could pass the little patient, thought some sun-chips bought at a druggist's and boiled would serve the purpose as an internal remedy!

"But that isn't all. What do you think of a woman who, after asking me for a remedy for measles, said she should prefer, if I had any in stock, some 'ladybirds,' as those insects, she had heard from some very old people down in her part, were a fine remedy when powdered and given to an infant? She was a good customer in her way, so I had to keep from smiling while I assured her I didn't keep 'em. But she was not convinced, and went away to see if she could get the ladybirds anywhere else in preference to any modern remedy.

"However, it isn't only the women who are ignorant. A well-dressed, well-to-do man handed me a prescription of various drugs which I glanced at, made up, and handed to him, remarking—

"'I shouldn't give this to the dog too often—it's a powerful mixture.'

"'Dog!' said he. 'I haven't got one now. It's for my child.'

"I was horrified, and took the bottle back, explaining it was a veterinary formula, and would kill half a dozen babies.

"'Oh!' he said. 'I didn't know. A friend gave it me, and it cured a big dog I used to have. It was a clever fellow wrote it, and I thought it would do the baby good.'

"Now, you know, this was rather too much of a joke. I poured the contents of the bottle away, and lectured my customer, found out as far as I could what ailed the baby, and gave him proper medicine. So in that case I'm pretty sure I prevented a coroner's inquest.

"Then some of the vague statements there are made imply all sorts of diseases. Only the other night a woman came in for some medicine for her little boy. I was supposed to guess its ailment. I asked, 'Oh, he's come all over spots,' was the answer, and nothing more definite. Now, that may mean, as you are aware, half a dozen diseases, from the most infectious to the most trivial ones. I gave her a harmless cooling mixture and advised a doctor.

"But perhaps one of the most curious customers I ever had was a middle-aged woman who came for some medicine for a friend, and handed me a long tress of hair. I thought at first hair dye was required. No; it was medicine. Thoroughly mystified, I at length elicited the fact that she and a friend knew a 'wise woman' living in a remote county, who cured many complaints on receiving by post a specimen of the patient's hair! And I heard from others the same thing.

"Have I ever been asked for cures for the evil eye? Well, not precisely, but I have been told by people that they thought they were bewitched, and have been urged to give them medicine, which I have done in the shape of good digestive mixtures.

"On the whole I think a druggist in a working-class neighborhood sees more remarkable phases of human nature than most people could ever possibly imagine—even novelists."

HER DESIRE.—A dear matter-of-fact old maiden aunt was to make her first trip abroad with her brother's family. Her sister-in-law and her nieces were mapping out the route, and presently one of them said to her, "now you must say where you want to go, aunt Martha; we're all choosing our favorite places, you see."

"I've heard you all agree on Italy," she replied, "and that's the only country I have any special desire to visit."

"Why, how nice!" said the niece, in a tone of pleased surprise. "We were talking it over the other day, and mamma said she was afraid you wouldn't care to go to Italy. You're so fastidious; and, though Italy is lovely, of course there are drawbacks, you know."

"I presume there are drawbacks," said Miss Martha, shivering a little, "I've heard of them. But you mustn't think I want to be sitting about on cathedral steps or damp walls, my dear. All I wish to see is some organ-grinders in their native land. That has been my desire for a good many years; the men we see here look so poor and ill-fed! I thought perhaps," added Miss Martha, "if I could learn enough Italian to make myself understood by those men, it would be a good thing for me to advise them not to come to England."

"I think it would!" said her listeners in chorus; but Miss Martha never understood why they laughed.

A NEW YORK man who is constantly hearing voices in the air which lead him to great and meritorious acts was on the point of leaving his store recently for the day when he thought he heard his name called. He returned to the store, but after a thorough search was unable to find anyone. Again he was just leaving, when he heard the voice a second time, and going to the corner of the room found that some bales of cotton had caught fire, and that the fire was rapidly spreading. After hard work, however, he was able to put it out, and is now more thankful than ever for his wonderful gift.

The most astonishing results in healing wounds have been shown by Salvation Oil.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The fiction of the October "Century" includes the fourth part of Mrs. Burton Harriton's "contemporaneous" novel, "A Bachelor Maid," in which the heroine's dream of a separate household approaches realization, and there is continued consideration of the relations of women to domestic and public life. There are also three short stories: one by Mrs. Julia Schayer, the scene of which is laid in Washington, entitled, "Brookes: A Story of the Civil Service," in which the pathos and tragedy of office-holding are set forth, and which is illustrated by Sterner; the second, a short sketch by Nannie A. Cox, entitled "As it Happened," with an illustration by Day; and the third, in the Artists Adventure Series, "A Robbery on the French Coast." Besides fiction there is the usual valuable list of contributions, covering almost every field.

In the October number of "St. Nicholas" Miss Seawell's serial, "Decatur and Somers," comes to an end with the death of Somers. "Jack Ballister," Howard Pyle's sturdy hero, runs away to escape a whipping from his master. "Billy, the Story of a Bear," by Tappan Adney, tells of the tricks of a captured bear. Goddard Orpen describes the house occupied by Sir Walter Raleigh at Youghal. There is also the last one of Charles F. Lummis's folk-stories from the land of the Pueblos, while Elbridge S. Brooks has put into verse a Russian legend in "The King of Samoyed." Among the other stories in the number are the following: "Jack's Literary Effort," "'Tiger's' Merry go-Round," "The 'Characters' of Theophrastus and others," "The Horse that Didn't Eat His Head Off," and "The Story of Cora's Puma Rug." There are poems by Edith Thomas, Oliver Herford and Lee Carter. The Century Co., New York.

ABOUT CRIMINALS.

Too many people are condemned on mistaken identity. To take photographs is useful, but they accumulate too rapidly, and the labor of searching them is too great, requiring too large a staff of assistants. By means of M. Bertillon's system a criminal can be identified in a few minutes or the fact established that he was never before arrested. How this is done can best be explained by narrating a late visit to M. Bertillon.

Escorted by a prominent detective, we entered the room where criminals are measured and los fiches are kept. The fiche is a card about eight inches long and six inches broad. On it is written the criminal's name, his measurements, some of his peculiar features, and it contains his photograph in two positions—en face et en profil. The main purpose of the profile is to show the shape of the ear, because the ear is that part of the body which photography can picture best. The fiches are kept in small boxes. They are arranged in divisions according to the measurements they contain. One division contains boxes with measurements of heads of a certain length; it is subdivided into sections according to the width of the heads, etc. The measurements are written upon the outside of the box, so that they may be easily read.

This is the theory of M. Bertillon's system. Certain bones can be measured upon the living subject with greatest exactness. The dimensions vary in the different persons within certain definite limits, but do not vary in definite proportions to each other. Taking a certain number of measurements on a certain person, we obtain proportions which answer to that individual alone and to no other. In the eight years in which anthropometry has been practiced no two individuals have been found to have the same measures. No two human beings are alike. The measures are constant; the change in the grown person extremely little; the measurements are always and at all times reliable means for identification.

The most important measures are those of the head, its length and width; the length of the middle finger, the forearm, the foot, and the little finger. To be of practical use, the results must be classified.

Suppose we have a man before us whom we have measured, and we want to know if he has been before us at an earlier date. We may have to look for his card among tens of thousands. Take the length of his head; it is 187 mm.; this belongs in group 2. We thereby dispose of at least 60,000 cards by putting groups 1 and 3 aside. Take the width of his head and proceed likewise, and we again reduce the number among which we have to search probably thirty thousand. Thus we proceed, and by each measurement we reduce the number of cards we shall have to search to a very small figure. At last, we have only a few cards left, and we know with certainty whether we have measured the man before or not. The whole process takes but a few minutes.

When M. Bertillon had explained the system, he proposed to show us an illustration of its working.

A young man, who was arrested that morning, was called up and measured. The whole proceeding was very like the measure taking by a tailor. The assistants also measured the man's height, standing and sitting; the length of his outstretched arms, the length and breadth of his ear. When that was done M. Bertillon, holding the card in his hand, asked him: "What is your name?" "Albert Felix." "Were you arrested before?" "No, never!" "Is that true?" "Yes, sir!" As the young man was the leader of a band of thieves this was not believed.

He was taken out, and we began to search. One row of boxes after another was pushed aside after we had compared their figures with the figures upon the card. At last only two boxes and two cards were left. We took one card. One glance sufficed to show a difference of a few millimetres in some of the measures of the head. It was not his card. We took the last. M. Bertillon covered the photograph upon it. All figures corresponded exactly to those on Felix's card. He was called in again and asked once more. He repeated his former statement, but with less confidence. M. Bertillon removed the cover from the photograph and lo—there stood the original before it. Upon being again interrogated Felix repeated his first story, but broke down. The photograph was shown to him. At first he insisted that it was not his picure, but being told that he was Alfred Louis Lemaire, that he had been in prison for two years, he owned up to the truth. "Yes—— that is my name. I knew you would find me."

The most remarkable fact was that not one card among those thousands even approached the measures taken from the young man in such a way that we could be in doubt. No mistake could be made.

The system has been in use in France for eight years, and found to be extremely useful. Russia and other countries have now introduced it, but its complete usefulness will only appear when it shall be introduced into England and America—those two hiding-places for criminals.

BRAVERY.—True bravery is very easy to detekt, for it is as mutch a part and parcel ov a man's every day like as his clothes is.

Everything that a truly brave man dus is did from principle, not impulse, and when no one sees him he is just as heroik as he would be if he was in the eyes ov the multitude.

There is a grate deal ov bravery that is simply ornamental, and if it wan't for its spurs and cockade wouldn't amount tew mutch.

It is not bravery to face what we kan't dodge, but it is true courage tew face all things that are honest, and dodge nothing.

True bravery exists amung the lowly just as mutch as amung the grate; and a man really has no more right tew expekt praise for his courage than he has for his virtue.

It often requires more bravery tew tell the simple truth than it dus to win a battle.

He who fills to the brim the stashun in life which nature or fortune has given him, is a hero; I don't kare whether he is a peasant on the hillside or chieftain in the tented field.

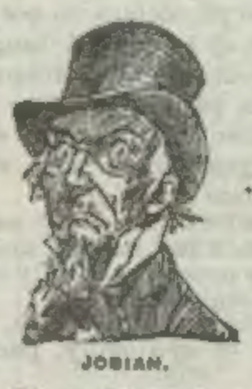
The most sublime courage I hav ever witnessed has been among that klass who was too poor to know that they possessed it and too humble for the world ever to diskover it.

When I want to see a hero, or commune with one, I don't go tew the passages ov history; I kan find them in the bipaths ov every day life. I hav known them tew liv out their lives and die without enny reckord here; but hereafter, when the grate sorting takes place, they will be found among the jewels. JOSH BILLINGS.

HE WENT "RIGHT ROUND."—A late magazine has this fish story. "Mr. James Babson was a famous fisherman. He returned from every fishing excursion with a longer string of fish and a longer story of his exploits than any other man in Skowhegan; and, if there were any doubts about his stories, there were the fish to prove his skill, if not truthfulness. When the river froze over, James started off after frost-fish. He took an abundant lunch, the necessary lines, hooks, and bait; but, upon arriving at his favorite fishing-ground, he found he had forgotten the chisel with which to cut holes in the ice. 'I declare,' said Mr. Babson, as he told the story in the grocery store that evening, 'I was put to it to know what I was goin' to do. It was too far from home to come back, an' I didn't lack nothin' but jest that pesky chisel. I eat my lunch an' went further up the stream; but 'twa'n't no use—I sorter drifted back to where I knew there was fish; and then, after I'd wasted most of the day, I jest happened to think about the holes I'd cut in that very spot last year. I remembered jest where they were, an' so I went right round, an' I found every peaky one of 'em. Yes, sir—froze over, of course; but jest hammered at 'em with my boot-heel, and 'twa'n't long 'fore I had 'em open jest as good as they were last winter. Kinder spoiled my day's fishin', thong, foolin' round so long an' not thinkin' of it.."

WHAT SHE NOTICED.—"I've always noticed," says Mrs. Partidgton, dropping her voice to the key that people adopt when they are disposed to be philosophical or moral, "I've always noticed that every year added to a man's life has a tenderness to make him older, just as a man who goes a journey finds, as he jogs on, that every milestone brings him nearer to the place where he is going, and further from where he started. I haven't got the exorbitance of feeling that I once had, and I don't believe I shall ever have it again if I live to the age of Methusala, which Heaven knows I don't want. Speaking of long life, I haven't any desire to live any longer than the breath remains in my body, if it isn't any more than eighty years. I wouldn't wish to be a centurion; and the idea of one surviving her factories, and becoming idiomatic, always gives me a disagreeable censoriousness. But whatever is to be will be, and there is no knowing how a thing will turn out till it takes place. Gracious goodness!" she exclaimed, as a cracker snapped on the floor by her feet; "you might as well kill a body as frighten 'em to death, Isaac!"

THE WILD WEST.—Here is a notice posted on the door of a schoolhouse in Oregon—"Each pupil is required to make a bow on entering the School House of morning, also on leaving of the School Room of evening. There shall bee no profain language used in School nor on the play ground, nor shall there be no pin-sticking, pinchin, scratchin, nor no taggin, nor no uneasy Whisperin in School. No pupil shall leve the School house without permission of the Teacher. No uneasy moven from seat to seat. No fightin on the road from nor to School nor no Nicknamin. Every pupil over eight years shall be subject to these rules, and the teachers is to make allowense for all pupils under eight and enforce the rules accorden. If any scholar brakes these rules tha shall be punished by a switchen."



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WIDOWS of such soldiers and sailors are entitled (if not remarried) whether soldier's death was due to army service or not, if now dependent upon their own labor for support. Widows not dependent upon their own labor are entitled if the soldier's death was due to service.

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Humorous.

AN OWL'S COURTSHIP.

The owl took his hat and his gloves one night
His sweetheart for to see,
When his daddy asked him where he went,
"On a definite object I'm intent—
To wit, to woo," said he—
"To wit, to wit, to woo,"

But he scarce had stepped outside the door
When he could not fail to see
That the sky with clouds was all overcast,
The rain was falling hard and fast.
"Too wet to woo," said he—
"Too wet, too wet to woo."

—U. N. Nose.

Good at figures—A tailor.

Men who must draw the line somewhere—Surveyors.

Paper-hangers are about the only men who succeed in business by going to the wall.

Young wife: "Can you cook, Mary?" New servant: "Oh, yes'm, if you don't help!"

Even if the elevator boy does get up in the world, he is invariably called down for it.

"I little thought," said Ardup, eating pigs' feet at the free lunch counter, "that I should ever be reduced to such extremities as this."

Mrs. Isaacs: "How you got your clothes so full of cotton?" Mr. Isaacs, brushing himself: "I vos showing a gustomer dose all-vool goots."

He: "And what did you think of Milan Cathedral?"

She: "Oh, I thought what a lovely place it would be to be married in!"

It is related as singular that fat men seldom commit crime. It doesn't seem so singular when you reflect that it is difficult for a fat man to stoop to anything low.

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "is so soured on human nature dat when er friend returns a borrowed umbrell dey think it am a reflection on de umbrell's quality."

Pupil, in class in punctuation, reading: "I saw Alice a charming girl." Teacher: "Well, what would you do?" Pupil: "Make a dash after Alice." Teacher: "Right!"

"Although I am a septuagenarian, remember I'm a millionaire. Could you learn to love me? Am I too old for you?"

"On the contrary; if anything, you are too young."

Mrs. Dogood: "You're not afraid of that dog, eh? Suppose I call a policeman?"

Dusty Rhodes: "I wouldn't do that, ma'am; you might have to pay him $5 for not having the dog muzzled."

"I have lost my ascendancy over my husband completely."

"Has he ceased to love you?"

"Oh, no; but I can't scare him with my hysterics any more."

"How do you suppose Mrs. Lakeside will feel when she meets her three husbands in Heaven?"

"Oh, she doesn't worry. They were not the kind of men she'd ever run any chances of finding there."

Miss Thin: "Don't you think my new dress is just exquisite? They all say so."

Candid friend: "Oh, lovely! I think that dressmaker of yours could make a clothespole look quite graceful."

Father: "I always have a morning walk. I'm out of bed every morning at five, you know." Friend: "How long have you been doing that?" Father: "Oh—eh—um—ever since the baby came."

Farmer Oatbin: "I put down $5 today for a pipe organ for the new church."

Mrs. Oatbin: "Land sakes! what was you thinking of? It was only last Sunday we had a sermon on the evils of smoking!"

Badman: "Yes; I'll admit that I don't lead a very good life, but I intend to reform some day and be awfully virtuous."

Goodman: "When?"

Badman: "After I've been found out."

"So," said Mr. Donegan, "they've been printing the funeral notices av a man that wasn't dead yit. It's a nice fix he'd be in if he had been wan of these people that believes iverything in the newspapers!"

A young man was writing a prospectus for a circus. "I say," he observed, turning to the manager, "I've about exhausted my vocabulary over this thing. Have you a thesaurus?"

"No," replied the manager, regretfully; "but we've a hippopotamus."

Excited individual: "Conductor, I've been robbed! I left a parcel containing five poems on that seat, and now it's gone!"

Conductor: "Well, you can write 'em over again, can't you?"

Excited individual: "Yes; but there was a sandwich in the parcel too!"

At a Natural History examination. Examiner: "In what class of animals do you place man?"

Candidate, after a pause: "The Ruminants."

Examiner: "Why?"

Candidate, after a longer pause: "Because he is subject to rheumatism."

THE ATTRACTION.—Tom Thumb, when first brought to England, lodged at the same hotel with Labiache the great singer. A Russian lady was very anxious to see Tom Thumb, and went to the Egyptian Hall for that purpose, but found that the exhibition was over. However, she found out his hotel and went there. She knocked at the door, which was opened by a man of colossal proportions. She started back in some alarm, but was reassured by the amiable and gracious manner of the man, who was Labiache. "I must have made a mistake," said the lady; "it is Tom Thumb I wish to see." "very well, madam," said the giant; "I am he." "You, monsieur? Why I had been told that he was so very little!" "Oh," said Labiache, "that is for the public; but, when I come home, I make myself comfortable by resuming my natural size!" The lady again stammered her astonishment, when Labiache said, "Madam, your supposition is not very flattering to the British public. Do you suppose they would go in crowds to look at a man for the mere reason that he was very little? The interesting thing is the transformation; it is that which attracts people." The lady retired, admitting that it was very reasonable.

CURED HIM.—Wise physicians do not go altogether by what they have been taught in the schools, but suit their treatment to the exigencies of each particular case.

A certain practitioner, for example, was called to attend a gentleman, who was suffering from obstinate hiccough.

"I knew that he had a large dog," says the doctor, "so I took my mastiff along with me. The house consisted of only one room, entered by a single door.

"The house was crowded with ladies, assembled partly out of sympathy, partly for gossip.

"The patient was on a low bed when I entered with my dog.

"No sooner did my patient's dog see mine than he sprang for him, and a tremendous fight ensued.

"The noise of the dogs, the screaming of the ladies and the general confusion were indescribable.

"When it was over, the invalid was missing, but was finally found under the bed, and never had another spell of hiccough as long as he lived."

WHAT A TIDAL WAVE IS.—The recent report that a well-known steamer was struck by a "tidal wave," which swept her decks, revives the question as to whether there really is such a thing. The writer once asked the captain of an Atlantic liner. "Oh, yes," he answered, "we keep a tidal wave for the passengers and the newspapers. If you want to know the truth, I will tell you. It is when a powerful ship is driven through a head sea at such a speed that before she can clear herself of one big wave she is into a second. The second and first together are too much for the ship, and she loses a deck house or bridge or a boat or two. That is a 'tidal wave.'"

BANK NOTES.—Few people know that a bank note has an English odor so characteristic that an expert with a good nose can detect by this alone its presence in a sealed envelope. It is said that there are several employes engaged in the engraving and printing of notes who can select from a pile of letters all that contain bank notes. The matter of the odor of notes was first called attention to by a convicted letter thief. He was blindfolded and given a batch of 400 letters, seven of which contained money. He held the letters to his nose in rapid succession, and unerringly selected those that contained the notes.

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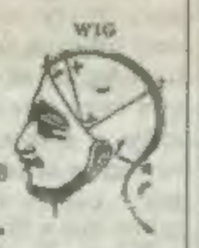

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.	FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 30, '93. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut St., Phila

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS.
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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4.10, 7.30 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, (12.37, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining Car), 1.30, 3.50, 5.15, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.35, (dining car), p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, 3.50 p m, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut, 8.35 (dining car) p m. 12.10 night.

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